

THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE

THE ARTS

REVIEWING NOVEMBER 1921

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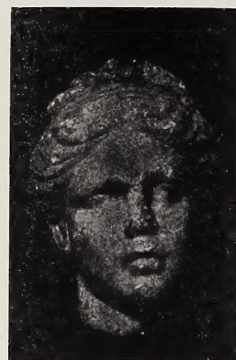
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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

of THE ARTS, published monthly at Brooklyn, New York, for
October 1, 1921.

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.:
COUNTY OF KINGS, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and
County aforesaid, personally appeared Hamilton Easter Field,
who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says
that he is the editor of THE ARTS, and that the following is to
the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the
ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation),
etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above
caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in
section 443 Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse
of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, man-
aging editor and business manager are:

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HAMILTON EASTER FIELD, *Editor*.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of Septem-
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(SEAL)

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THE TOUCHSTONE MAGAZINE

THE ARTS

AND AMERICAN ART STUDENT

A JOURNAL APPEARING EVERY MONTH DURING THE ART SEASON
AND TWICE DURING THE SUMMER

Copyright, 1921, by Hamilton Easter Field

Vol. II.

REVIEWING NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 2

MANY apologies are due for things for which we should not be held entirely responsible. A host of letters have not been answered. Everything about the office has been delayed until the patience of our office staff has been exhausted.

We have been having colds.

It began two months ago with the Editor. Four weeks in bed and a slow convalescence has not added to his store of good nature. The Assistant Editor brought out the last issue and then he succumbed. Miss Dorothy Freeman, our mainstay in all troubles, alone passed through unscathed.

As a result we are bringing this issue out under great difficulties. We should consider ourselves lucky that we can bring it out at all. As for all the various things which have been left undone there is nothing to do but to explain that the editor is still unable to do them. In the meanwhile don't expect too much of him and he will soon be doing his ten hours a day.

Unfortunately the Editor is the only one on the staff who has the technical knowledge to write the ART STUDENT section. So this issue the ART STUDENT section has been temporarily suppressed.

All these things are minor matters. The course of art runs on. Thousands of students go out each day to paint, and among the thousands are the few who will influence the ideals of the new generation. What the influences will be no man can foresee, but it is certain that if the influences are to be potent they must result from the natural expression of men and women who feel deeply. When Michael Angelo created Adam he gave mankind a new ideal of manhood. There is probably not a man in Christendom whose ideal of manhood has not been indirectly modified by the art of Michael Angelo. Will our generation produce an artist capable of moulding the ideals of mankind, capable of winning man from the shams of modern life? To do this the artist must be moved deeply. His impulses must come from the heart. His emotional experiences must be rich, varied. They must be clean, for only so can he keep the enthusiasm of youth and that is a prime necessity of his art.

In literature America has produced a man whose influence over human thought and feeling has spread over the earth, Walt Whitman. Let us prepare now for the time when an American painter or sculptor will exert an equal influence. There is nothing Utopian in the idea. Phidias and Giotto have had an influence over mankind which quite dwarfs that of Whitman.



MADONNA AND CHILD

JACOPO DEL SELLAJO

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CHRISTMAS

Over nineteen hundred years ago a child was born. The child grew to manhood and taught men to love one another. In three hundred years His teachings spread so that it seemed inevitable that love toward one's neighbor would gain the whole world. The followers of Him who had taught peace would not raise a hand against their fellow men. A Roman Emperor feared for his throne. He declared his sympathy for the teachings of the Prince of Peace, not understanding the teachings, and fought under the sign of the cross. The followers of Christ became rich and powerful. They forgot His words. Hatred and strife gained the mastery just when it seemed they would lose forever. The Roman Empire fell as all which trust to force must fall.

We have been reaping what Constantine sowed. It has been a terrible harvest.

At this time when we celebrate the birth of Christ may the love of our fellowman so sink into our hearts that His kingdom, the kingdom of peace, shall come upon the earth.

FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS AND POST-IMPRESSIONISTS AT THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART

By WILLIAM M. MILLIKEN

PROTESTS can never dam the flood of true expression. They rather call attention in no uncertain way to the very thing inveighed against. Surely, then, such a slanderous and unmeasured attack as the anonymous protest against the modernistic works in the Metropolitan Museum's summer exhibition did not attain its purpose. By its very abuse it only advertised the more widely and extremely interesting exhibition. No matter what people may feel about certain pictures, wholesale attack of that character never achieves its purpose, but rather undermines the attacker's position.

The course of art sweeps on, and while the summer exhibition of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works, held in the Cleveland Museum of Art from July 13 to September 15th, cannot pretend to such modernity as the Metropolitan exhibition, it nevertheless did its part in making known to the public the best and sanest in French art of the later nineteenth and earlier twentieth century. All the works shown in the exhibition were either owned by the Museum or by Cleveland collectors.

There was an isolated Courbet, a brilliant study of the rockbound Breton coast, and the Museum's Puvis de Chavannes, the large study for the "Summer" in the Hotel de Ville of Paris.

Two of the three Manets formed at one time part of the Auguste Pellerin collection. The earliest in date was a "Marine" of the year 1874, No. 164 in the Duret catalogue of Manet's principal works. The artist painted only a comparatively few seascapes, but in them he expressed with singular felicity the restless surge and sweep of the sea. This picture is composed of only two elements,—a strip of grey sky and an expanse of grey-green foam-flecked water with a fleet of fishing vessels scudding before a freshening breeze. With sure touch he has suggested the bulge of the horizon line, a psychological phenomenon any keen student of the sea has observed, so that although the picture is small in size, it gives the impression of a sea heaped full of waters, boundless in extent.

The second Manet from the Pellerin collection was a pastel of Mlle. C. Campbell, painted in 1880. It is a portrait of a woman of mature years, a head and shoulders seen in profile to the left. Her black

hair is piled upon her head, with the characteristic chignon or group of curls falling upon her neck. The artist has seen his subject with sympathetic eyes and has emphasized the dreamy, wistful personality, which the pale flesh tones and the black hair against a cool grey background only serve to accentuate.

Nine examples of Manet's work showed clearly his development covering thirty-one years of activity. The earliest was an interesting, solidly painted "Argenteuil" of the year 1877. This was followed in date by "Rocks of Belle-Isle," 1886, and the Museum's "Antibes" of the year 1888, showing his newly acquired luministic manner. After this in date came "Bassin aux Nymphes" of 1899, "The Garden, Iris and Horse Chestnut Trees," 1900; and three extraordinarily fine canvases of the Thames series, 1904, one of them a masterpiece, "The Parliament Building at Sunset." The last of the Manets was "Waterloo Bridge, Foggy Morning," one of the few canvases painted in 1908 on a later trip to London. The Manets in the Metropolitan exhibition, to be sure, made no attempt at being representative. The organizers of the exhibition laid their emphasis instead on the later men.

The seven Renoirs in the Cleveland exhibition gave also perhaps a fairer expression of Renoir's genius. They were headed by the superb "Baigneuse debout dans l'eau," 1888, exhibited in the Paris exhibition of forty masterpieces by Renoir in 1913, illustrated in Bernheim-Jeune's book. In its simplicity and naiveté it is a full expression of his philosophy of life. Never was Renoir more successful in his rendition of the effects of light upon the flesh, never was he more happy in the effects of color, shading from the deep blue of the rippling water in the foreground to the rich greens of the distance. "The Three Bathers" of the year 1897 is another of his most characteristic works. It is a subject the artist loved and repeated several times. In it the student senses the continuity of French genius. In it Renoir is a lineal descendant of the XVIII century,—a modern Boucher. The color also is essentially French and recalls earlier models rather than the usual ruddy tones of his later work.

Landscapes of 1882 and 1892 marked the other



M A R I N E

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E D O U A R D M A N E T

side of his genius and the later riper style was represented by a "Portrait of Madame Edwards Reading," 1904, by a "Jeune femme arrangeant ses boucles d'oreilles" of 1905, and one of his masterly still lifes, "Le Pot de Fleurs" of the year 1906. The "Jeune femme arrangeant ses boucles d'oreilles" is a particularly significant example of his later style with its fullness and increasing warmth of flesh tones.

Pissarro was represented by two fine canvases, and Sisley, the gentle poet of the movement, showed a smiling mood of his home, in "The Old Ramparts of Moret." Guillaumin, "La Baie d'Agay," 1893, later in date than either of the Guillaumins in the Metropolitan exhibition, was also a very significant piece. It showed in a striking way the organization and simplification of details which mark the artist's later work. There is in it no doubt a reaction from his friendship for Cézanne, and as such it served as a transition from the impressionist to the post-impressionist works in the exhibition.

An outstanding picture was "La Maison Abandonnée," by Paul Cézanne. It is the most brilliant Cézanne landscape that it has been the good fortune of the writer to see. As a picture, entirely apart from the artist, it won and convinced all. Illustrated in Vollard's Cézanne, plate 20, and in Meier-Graefe, plate 145, it was exhibited in a loan exhibition of twenty-three masterpieces by Cézanne in the Rue Lafitte, Paris, 1895, and also in the loan exhibition in the Salle de Cézanne of the Autumn Salon in 1904.

To the right the abandoned house slants crazily to one side. It gives a touch of eeriness to a profoundly moody picture. A stone parapet bounds the foreground and shields the spectator from what must be almost vertiginous depth, plunging far down below the dark trees to the left. Beyond the valley a hill with trees rises steeply, houses crowning the summit. In a brilliant way the artist has expressed the special relationships. By simplifications he has represented merely the structural simplicity of nature. He has stripped the picture of outward adornments and left instead only the fundamentals.

"Paysage, Sous les Palmiers" was the only Gauguin in the exhibition. Painted in 1891, it was one of the pictures exhibited upon the artist's first return from Tahiti at the famous exhibition in Paris, an exhibition which was such a heart-breaking failure. It was bought by a Swedish collector at that time and has only recently come to America, almost directly from his collection. It has never

been illustrated in any work on Gauguin, so that it is a pleasure to be able to reproduce it here.

The picture is a happy union of two sometimes antagonistic elements, decoration and realism. The upper half is almost pure realism,—the grove of stately palms, their leaves touched by the declining sun against a background of pinky-lavender hills and tropic sky. In the lower half, on the other hand, two strange and solemn figures sit in shadow before translucent water in whose depths are reflected exotic forms and colors. Sweeping roots of the burao tree twine across the foreground and circle around the pool of purplish blue. Color, as ever in Gauguin, exercises its hypnotic power and casts a spell upon the observer, strange pinks and lavenders, greens, and acrid yellows, uniting in a whole of potent charm.

A notice of the exhibition would not be complete without a mention of two pastels by Degas, one a group of "Ballet Girls" belonging to the Museum, and the second, "La danse grecque," a loan. Both were splendid examples of this phase of Degas' genius, "La danse grecque," having been chosen by Mauclair as the frontispiece of his book, "The French Impressionists."

A group of paintings by Monticelli, a precursor of the movement, a group of Boudins, single pictures by Jongkind and Mary Cassatt, and examples by Le Sidaner and Besnard completed the roster of the exhibition.

["The course of art sweeps on," as Mr. Milliken writes, and nothing which the enemies of a movement can do will impede its progress provided the movement has within it the germs of the truths which mankind is seeking. The anonymous attack on the modernistic works shown at the Metropolitan Museum was such a stupid move on the part of its authors. It but drew attention to the show and gave its friends a chance to give their opinion of the question. There have been movements in our times which were not founded on the aspirations of our times. They have died notwithstanding all the paper and ink wasted in their defense. Such a movement was that of "la Croix Rose." All the propaganda of Sar Paladan and his aides could not keep it alive. Interesting as much of the work of "la Croix Rose" was, the foundations of the movement were founded on a pose, on a culte in which the members did not really believe. It died, not from the attacks which were made on it, but from its affectation. Give every movement a chance. If it is not built on a firm foundation it will die.—EDITOR.]



BAIGNEUSE DEBOUT DANS L'EAU AUGUSTE RENOIR
Lent to the Cleveland Museum of Art



THE THREE BATHERS

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AUGUSTE RENOIR



LA MAISON ABANDONNÉE

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PAUL CÉZANNE



PAYSAGE, SOUS LES PALMIERS

PAUL GAUGUIN

Lent to the Cleveland Museum of Art



LA DANCE GRECQUE

EDOUARD DEGAS

Lent to the Cleveland Museum of Art



P I E P L A T E S

Dated 1821

Attributed to J. Mees

PENNSYLVANIA GERMAN POTTERY IN THE JACOB PAXSON TEMPLE COLLECTION

By R. M. RIEFSTAHL, PH.D.

THE Pennsylvania German potteries were created in the second half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century by humble craftsmen, who transplanted to Bucks and Montgomery counties in Eastern Pennsylvania the traditions of German peasant pottery in Hessen and the Rhine country.

In the State of Pennsylvania these potteries have long been valued by amateurs of the past. A very important collection has been assembled at the Pennsylvania Museum in Philadelphia, and the late Edwin AtLee Barber, curator of the museum, wrote several most interesting papers on the subject. But up to the present these early American wares have been considered more or less as quaint curios created in a quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere. A close study of the fine series of Pennsylvania German pottery collected by Mr. J. P. Temple, Tanguy, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, suggests a different way of appreciating this simple art.

We are today at cross roads in the judgment of art. The official artists of Salons and Academies have learned everything. They know everything. They could paint every aspect of nature. A formula has been worked out for rendering every form and suggesting every mood. Such a phase in the psychology of art is not new. The artists of the Roman Imperial period were similarly skillful in an easily appealing expression of physical beauty. The followers of the Italian Renaissance manipulated masses of architecture, the gods of Olympus and the saints of Christendom, with unsurpassed efficiency. The craftsmen of the Roman Empire, of Italy in the sixteenth and France in the eighteenth century, the porcelain makers and other artisans of the later eighteenth century in China, possessed every skill and knew every technique.

It is strange that when the human mind seems to have attained external perfection, it always faces stagnation and death. This is true not only in art,



PIE PLATE

ISAAC STOUT

Signed "IS," 1790

but in every field of activity. Fortunately, whenever scientific reasoning has built up an efficient scholastic system and an apparently perfect code containing a decision for every possible case, there comes a mystic who teaches the great lesson of humility. He shows that scientific perfection is shallow and void of the spirit, that the outside world cannot be perceived through analytic dissection, but only through the mystic vision gained in meditation. The simpler and humbler the spirit, the deeper it is able to penetrate into the essence of things. The sophisticated amass details and accidentals—and take them for the thing itself. Multifarious activity is not life, though it

may serve as a substitute. The essence of life is simplicity and quietude.

The man of our period carries a heavy baggage of detailed information. The wise traveller who really wants to see the country leaves all baggage behind and starts on his trip with nothing. We are beginning more or less to understand this great wisdom. The return to primitive art is imminent, and one of its precursive signs is the fact that many now prefer rough pottery to the most subtle porcelain, and everywhere is a craving for the naïve.

Naïve art may be the art of humble men who follow their simple emotions and do not know that



PIE PLATES

Governor Pennypacker Collection

Dated 1821

there is anything "better." It may also be the art of those who have seen the emptiness of sophistication and have learned to be simple. The sins of his youth did not prevent St. Francis from becoming a great saint.

Very often we understand fully the merit of something remote in age or difficult to find, and overlook something of equal merit that is easily accessible. Everybody admits the charm that emanates from the naïve landscape in an Italian Trecento painting, but who would be daring enough to avow that from the mountains, valleys, streams and trees painted in his hours of leisure by a Brooklyn house-painter or Paris customs employee, a similar intensity of feeling and an equally harmonious image of the essence of the world may come forth?

The Pennsylvania German potteries are naïve art of which the sole fault lies in the fact that it was created only a hundred or so years ago. These products of early American days reflect the world of humble farmers and craftsmen. In simple lines they build up the perfect image of a little universe,—a microcosm of the unaccented,—and unconsciously, in their humility, they attain greatness. Their material is crude potter's clay simply shaped on the wheel. Their ornamentation consists in variegating the clay

of the background with slips of different colors, ranging from cream-white to pale yellow, tan, vermillion and yellow-brown. Details are indicated by scratching the design into the slips with a wooden stick, before firing, so that the body of the pottery appears as a dark outline contouring and explaining the splashes of clay that indicate flowers, leaves, trees, houses, animals and mankind.

This technique is a very old one. We find it from the sixth to the tenth century in Persia, where Sassanian and early Mohammedan potters decorated their slip wares in exactly the same fashion. It occurs very frequently in the early Mohammedan period in Egypt, and also in the Byzantine colonies in the Crimea, in mediæval Constantinople, Asia Minor and Cyprus. A large volume has lately been devoted to the early Persian wares by Maurice Pezard, and the hundreds of reproductions in his book reveal the simple grandeur of the native Iranic work.

In all these Eastern wares, the range of motives is extremely limited. The same theme is expressed over and over again in practically the same way, and every time it carries the same message of simple beauty. It is like the song of birds in the woods. Each species sings a few conventional notes in eternal repetition to express its joy in life. And yet not



POTTERY JAR, HEIGHT 10 INCHES

DATED 1787



PIE PLATES

ABOUT 1800

few are the wise men who spend hours and days in the woods to listen to this elemental song.

The Mohammedan potters play with their conventionalized flowers, with their birds and their running animals, as the Pennsylvania potter plays with his. The tulip is to the Pennsylvanian what the arabesque flower is to the Mohammedan. The centers of the platters, the sides of the jars and vases, are filled with shrubs and plants which bear these huge, bright fairy-tale flowers in symmetrical arrangement. Sometimes birds, gay parrots and peacocks play in the branches. Sometimes the severity of a heraldic eagle alternates with tulips, and inscriptions in Gothic lettering. Deer and horses speed across the platters. Hunters on horseback, not unknown to early Mohammedan art, gallop under massy trees. And reminiscent of the warriors of the Persian plates, we find in the Pennsylvania German platters the minutemen ready for the defense of their hard-won liberty.

The signatures of the potters and the names of the customers show the pride of maker and owner. These platters were cherished, and every time the gradually disappearing pie revealed letters and dates, the bygone day of the purchase and the ensuing long years of toil were half-consciously commemorated.

The design of all these motives is simple and

eloquent. As in everything created by intuition, the directing imagination gave rhythm, power and architectonic strength to the hand and the work. These flowers, animals, trees and houses are a little self-sustaining world, which stands there, needing no explanation or support, in perfect balance and harmony. It is like the world of these farmers who had gone out into the wilderness and by hard effort created a new existence in which they found freedom and happiness in a humble way. They had solved the great problem of life and they cherished the work of their friends the potters; for these pie-dishes and jars were adequate expression, in the potter's clay, of what they felt in their hearts.

[Dr. Meyer-Riefstahl furnished me with a photograph of a Mohammedan plate of the Twelfth Century which we intended to reproduce in this article. Unfortunately the mail service of the new regime is no more satisfactory than it was during the war and the result is that the photograph arrived just too late for us to include it in this article. Let me, however, say that I do not think anyone but an expert would have noticed that it differed in any way from these early American potteries. Who was it said that America was an inartistic country?—EDITOR.]



LE PORT HALIGUEN

Durand-Ruel Galleries

MAUFRA

MAXIME EMILE LOUIS MAUFRA

By THE EDITOR

MAUFRA is usually classed as an impressionist painter. Although he is in many respects close to the impressionists he is more concerned than they are with design. He is less interested in absolute truth than they. His interests are rather with harmony of mass and color. There is nothing about the art of Maufra which is difficult to understand. A short account of his life would, however, be of interest to those who enjoy his work.

Maxime Emile Louis Maufra was born in Nantes in 1861. He was therefore about twenty years younger than Monet, Renoir, Cézanne and Guillaumin. There is a book on Maufra written in 1907 by his friend Victor Emile Michelet. Michelet just met Maufra when they were scholars in the lowest class of the Lyceum at Nantes. They remained in-

timate friends up to the separation brought about by death.

"We had for professor of drawing an old man, distinguished-looking, sensitive, M. Chazeraïn, who had a real feeling for art. He bothered far less to teach us to draw a nose or a leg correctly than to open our eyes to the beauty of form. We both owe a debt of gratitude to that excellent professor.

"When he left high school, having been born of business people in a city where commerce was the one thing to which one devoted one's life, Maufra started on a mercantile career. He was eighteen years old, and it was then that he began to paint. As a young man he had spent much time with nature. He was fond of sport, of hunting and of sailing. Rowing and sailing are sports which are most popular with the young men of a place like Nantes.



LES FOINS, SAVARDUN

Durand-Ruel Galleries

MAUFRA

Holidays and Sundays are given over to these sports. Maufra had then as a young man much experience in tramping through the country, and he was equally at home on sea."

Maufra was largely self-taught, and as Michelet says:

"How can a young man who feels that he has the artistic temperament cultivate his talent? If only his instinct or circumstances over which he has no control can keep him from entering one of the official art schools! If only some good fairy sends across his path a sympathetic guide who can help him find himself! It is better to build up one's art alone, to develop one's own individual expression, to adopt the traditions which instinctively one feels are helpful, rather than to suffer the ignominy of the usual academic training."

Continuing, Michelet writes:

"When Maufra was twenty-one he passed a year in England. At the National Gallery he was bowled

over by the Turners; at South Kensington by the Constables. The English School made an indelible impression upon him; the profound majesty of Gainsborough, the marvellous dreamland of Turner, the virile harmony of Constable.

"When he got back to Nantes he painted whenever he had any time free, his enthusiasm growing as he worked. He started working from the nude, without which study there can be no thorough training in painting. In 1886 he sent to the Salon two paintings: *Bateaux de pêche à la Haute-Ile* and *Inondation à la Haute-Ile; effet d'hiver*. They did not escape unnoticed. A few days after varnishing day at a newspaper office I ran across Octave Mirbeau, who said to me: 'I have just discovered a delightful landscape by an unknown painter, Maufra. Do you know him?' 'Well, rather!'

"After that the young art student whenever he was free would start out either on land or sea with canvas and colors. Almost every year he showed at



VENT D'OUEST

Durand-Ruel Galleries

MAUFRA

the Independent exhibition. He was ranked as a disciple of the impressionists. As a matter of fact he had never seen a painting by any artist of that school. To know nothing of the artistic life of Paris adds to the difficulty of painting. At the same time it is an opportunity for the student who really has sufficient individuality. It of course makes it far harder to find one's way, but it keeps one free from those influences which are so liable to warp one's personality. At that time (1886) the works of the Impressionist masters, at the height of their power, would have been received in provincial France with laughter and jeers. They could not have been shown without causing a scandal. Maufra then had no chance to ever see any of their work. He kept fresh in his mind the profound impression made upon him by the art of Turner when he was in London. In 1890 Maufra, finding art becoming more and more his master, gave up business and with a painting outfit on his shoulders wandered through Brittany. One

evening he stopped at Pont Aven, at the inn of 'Mother Gloanec,' and there Maufra saw a group of strange young men who talked and enthused under the leadership of a solidly built fellow with a pirate's head, the sight of whom fairly took his breath away. It was Gauguin.

"Gauguin's works and his conversation opened up to Maufra new horizons which, however, seemed to him somewhat vague. The master of Pont Aven awakened in him latent forces. Gauguin, who had lived much in the world of finance, understood character. He said to Maufra, 'You are travelling another way than mine, but it is a good one. Keep a-going and good luck!'"

For three years Maufra lived in Brittany. About this time he became much interested in Balzac. In Balzac's *Chef-d'oeuvre inconnu* the author has written on the art of painting. His thoughts on art opened up new vistas to Maufra. He tried to realize Balzac's thoughts in his painting.



SOLEIL DE PRINTEMPS

Durand-Ruel Galleries

MAUFRA

In 1894 came his first exhibition, held at the gallery of the Le Barc de Bouteville, a dealer who was most friendly to young men who he felt had talent.

Two years later he had an exhibition of his work at Durand-Ruel's. I remember the show well. Maufra's work already had a unity which was rare with the early impressionists. But in gaining unity he had necessarily lost some of the intense truth which you feel in the early painting of Monet. A sacrifice is always necessary. No one painting can have every virtue. The intimate truth of an early Monet is a virtue incompatible with the decorative unity which Maufra sought. At the Durand-Ruel show there was a group of Scotch landscapes (for Maufra had recently returned from a visit to Scotland), and a number of paintings made along the Breton and Norman coasts. Maufra was then thirty-five years old. He had already found himself. The paintings he made later merely added to his reputation. They had the characteristics of his earlier canvases.

This was followed almost immediately by an exhibition of Maufra's work in New York. Through these three shows Maufra's reputation was definitely established. In May 1897 and again in March 1901 there were further exhibitions at Durand-Ruel's Paris galleries, both of which shows I saw. There had been very little change in his work. The technical side showed a slight increase in skill but to me there was no perceptible change in the point of view. His point of view was a natural one. It was free from all affectation and therefore it could not be affected by changes in the public taste. There are few things in common between the art of Maufra and that of our own Ben Foster, but Foster like Maufra is an artist whose point of view has been the direct outgrowth of his character. It has never been affected by any changes in the taste of the public.

It is not merely as a painter in oil that Maufra will be remembered. He was an etcher of no slight ability. Doubtless our good friend Joseph Pennell would tell me that Maufra was totally lacking in the technique of his craft. Doubtless, Pennell would

be right and yet I enjoy Maufra's drawings and his etchings because they have abundant life and to me life is more than technique. Maufra also painted in water color, charming bits of landscape in which he let his decorative instinct have even freer play than in his oils. The man was a versatile, sincere artist. His death (in 1918) came when he was at the height of his power. He had gained a reputation as one of the best of the minor French painters of his time. His talent is not comparable to the great

pioneers, the men who, like Manet, Renoir and Cezanne, revolutionize art. Maufra was not the leader of a revolution. He was rather an element in the culmination of an epoch. He gave to Impressionism decorative qualities which it had somewhat lacked. Without him the Impressionist movement would have lacked a certain completeness. Because of this and because of his manifest sincerity, the art of Maxime Emile Louis Maufra, landscape painter, should live.

WHITE WALLS

By JONATHAN THORPE

I WHO lately sang of merry brooks, of flowering meadows, of the dappled shade of trees on pasture land, now sing of white walls. White walls are beautiful beyond belief. I lie on my bed and wonder at the wealth of color they reflect as the morning sun comes streaming in my east window. I sing of white walls,—I who lately sang of the country side.

The city is my home. The city with its dirt, its soot soils everything. It does not soil my white walls. A coat of whitewash once each year and all is pure and sweet and clean.

Treasures I have, treasures which need no luxurious background of red plush. My treasures look best on my white walls. Your rich homes I find stifling. They choke me. Your food sticks in my throat. Come dine with me,—bread broken up in a white bowl of milk. My simple life is richer than yours, for I have eyes and see, and you go through life blind to the beauty of sunlight on white walls.

Treasures of art I have, but I do not crowd them upon my walls. One frame I have, a narrow flat frame, white like my walls, and each day I choose the picture with which I would commune. Yesterday it was a Homer water-color; to-day it is that marvelous etched portrait of Rembrandt's mother. It is a trimmed print, else I could not own it, but the spirit is there, and the spirit of Rembrandt's mother is as sunset glow upon my white walls.

A mason am I. In the poorer parts of the city I lay bricks and commune with my own soul. They would have me write regularly and for pay. That would kill my soul. Therefore I lay bricks for pay and write of my white walls. They are to me as

a symbol. As they reflect the joy of sunlight so man should reflect the eternal spirit. Cast out of your life the rubbish which you have gotten together and live as a man can live in a room with white walls. To-morrow it may be a Chinese print which I shall choose for my companion or a pastel by Twachtman and, if I work, as I lay my bricks I shall be cheered by the thought of my own little room with its painted floor, its own rug, its old yellow chairs and on the wall the work of art, the inspiration of my day. I lay my bricks, but my spirit goes back to my white walls.

I am an egoist, most happy in my life. Egoist I am, and yet with it all there is one blot on my happiness. I would that others could share my joy, could share my pleasure in white walls and in simple honesty of which they are the symbols.

The world is ill. Women pass me on the street clad in the ugliness of that which is not made for use. Women pass me on the street in silk stockings so thin that I see the veins showing blue in the ivory of the flesh. Not so, women, will you tempt me.

It is the woman dressed in garments fitted to her work whom I follow with my eyes. The coarser texture of her dress, its simple lines draw me to her. Here is health. Here comes the woman fit to live with me in a room with white walls.

Upon my walls is Rembrandt's mother. You would not see her in your crowded drawing-room. She would be lost among your gim-cracks. She has given me strength for my day's work, strength to resist all thought of earning more than just what I need, strength to decide that by my hands alone shall I earn with what to buy my bread. Only so can my writing breathe the spirit of my white walls.



ALMOND TREE IN FLOWER

FRANK BURTY

Brummer Galleries



STILL LIFE

Brummer Galleries

FRANK BURTY

FRANK BURTY

By THE EDITOR

FRANK BURTY is the only painter whose progress I have been able to watch from his earliest childhood. You see I first met Burty when I went to France in 1892. He at the time was but six years old, and from then until I last left France, in 1910, I was intimate with him and his family. He is the grandson of the great art connoisseur, Philippe Burty, who was the friend of Victor Hugo, the executor of Delacroix, the patron of Meryon and the comrade of the more advanced artists of the period just after the Franco-Prussian War. So you see that Burty comes by his talent naturally. There is nothing more wonderful than to watch the development of talent. It is almost like the excitement of creating. There is always the accidental, the unexpected, which plays so important a rôle and which upsets all your calculations of a uniform evolution. With Burty it was his meeting with Picasso which

upset all my calculations. The day came when he ceased to consider my judgment about matters of art. Naturally I met the new god and fell under his influence quite as much as Burty had. It would be difficult for an artist not to feel the charm of Picasso, whose eyes alone suggest a full, rich, emotional and intellectual nature. He looked like a genius just as Walt Whitman looks like a genius. You could not remain unmoved in his presence.

A year or two ago I heard that Burty had sold his collection of Picasso and that he had quite gotten away from the Picasso influence. He had married a few years before and was living with his wife in a little village called Ceret in the Pyrenees. Their life was simple, and Burty gradually came to feel that the life of Paris was an artificial one, and that the art standards of Paris were artificial standards. Picasso was a reaction against the over-cultivation of



LA CABANE DE L'ANGE GARDIEN

FRANK BURTY

Brummer Galleries

the capital. To one living in the primitive life of the Catalonian peasants the revolt seemed unnecessary. Burty made a visit to America about 1906 and he returned to France with the conviction that we in America should not follow the paths of contemporary French art because Post-Impressionism was a phase of art which could not appear normally until a nation's art had passed through the various stages which France's art actually has passed through. Apparently he feels now that Ceret and the Pyrenees have the same tonic value as the more primitive life which is normal in many portions of America.

If I were called upon to express with two adjectives Frank Burty's character I would say that he was obstinate and that he was gentle. He had a charming way of taking advice. He agreed with what you said. You were quite sure you had in-

fluenced him. You later learned that he had gone his own way and his way was not your way. So it is with his art. He has argued it out with his friends. He has very politely agreed with them and then he has gone his own way, a way which was not theirs. That is why Burty's art strikes one as being so sincere. From his earliest childhood he listened to what was said about him and then he has unostentatiously gone his own gait.

On Sunday, December 4th, I was much pleased that the art critics were so unanimous in their praise of the work of Frank Burty. McBride was especially friendly. The artists with whom I spoke about the show had all been much impressed. I do not altogether trust my own critical faculties, for (I suppose I should confess) Frank Burty is my cousin, and we have never had any of those cousinly rows which often mar the peace of such relationship.



I N T E R I O R

Brummer Galleries

F R A N K B U R T Y

Putting aside as much as I can the prejudices which I have in Burty's favor, I still believe that he is one of the most interesting of living artists. He has not the marvellous craft of a Picasso. His hand falters with excess of zeal as did the hand of our own Winslow Homer.

Although Burty is entirely French in training I believe that the presence of American Quaker blood in his veins, mingled with French Protestant, has helped to make him the sincere artist that he is. To belong to a hopelessly outnumbered minority makes for strength of character.

Throughout his youth he was always of the minority. Except that he was so sincere in everything he did, I would have almost suspected that he preferred to be in opposition to the established powers. It was rather that the pioneer must ever be in opposition. When the time comes that the public

thinks that it has caught up with the pioneer, behold the pioneer has left his former position and is already out of sight. Those who were willing to accept the Burty of 1905 were disconcerted when they found that the Burty of 1907 was a very different person from his earlier self. Burty is still of the minority. When he ceases to be in the opposition he will have lost much of his charm. I really think that there is little danger that he ever will accept the thoughts of the majority. His gifts then are in no danger.

It is strange how frequently the coming together of French and Anglo-Saxon ideals has created an atmosphere favorable to artistic creation. In recent French literature Stuart-Merrill and Vielé-Griffin are notable instances. In the graphic arts Méryon, Sisley and Mary Cassatt are a few of the many whom I could cite. In Frank Burty we have another example of how much we can hope from a more intimate relationship of these two races.



FRUIT JAR

Wanamaker Art Gallery

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK

THE TOUCHSTONE

By MARY FANTON ROBERTS

AN INTENSELY MODERN EXHIBITION FROM FRANCE

FRANCE is re-establishing her supremacy as the advanced guard in art experiment. A collection of fifty-three oils, water colors and drawings recently brought from Paris for an exhibition at Wanamaker's Modern Art Gallery are a very fair and convincing proof of this statement. Although this exhibition is not entirely the work of Frenchmen, including as it does almost every European nationality, yet the bulk of the pictures are French and French influence is felt in practically every canvas. This collection sounds quite the most modern note in the most recent art of Europe. It is far away from the old Impressionistic school; in the main

it does not suggest Cubism or Futurism. It presents such men as de Vlaminck, Matisse, Picasso in their freshest and most progressive spirit. The most famous of the modern French women are also exhibited: Helene Perdriat, Irene Lauget and Marie Laurencin.

What one feels so strongly in the exhibition as a whole is an immense variety of interest, a great diversity of purpose and quite an extraordinary individuality. The fifty-three pictures do not suggest for a moment that the painters are the followers of any one master or establishing any particular school of art. There are, to be sure, qualities that seemed to pervade the entire exhibition and impulses



LA BELLE ET LA BÊTE

HELENE PERDRIAT

Wanamaker Art Gallery



THE EAGLE DANCE

New Society of Artists

JOHN SLOAN

that characterize many of the minds, namely a certain naïveté of expression and a thin, faint note of decadence. To what extent this naïveté is spontaneous or where it is self-conscious it would be difficult to say, without having followed more closely the work of these artists and their development. It is a bit difficult to imagine an inevitable naïveté springing up on the Left Bank of the Seine. The decadence that seems intentionally to distort the human body and associate features on the human face as though gathered together by chance from a dissecting table is unquestionably modern and sometimes Parisian, and always regrettable.

But in spite of these defects, and there is a tang of this abnormality sequestered here and there the world over, today, there is very much that is vigorous and fresh and intensely vital. The work of the women is curiously unfeminine it seems to me. It is sketchy and fragile in technique but rather sinister in inspiration.

One woman whose work does not come under the head of this description at all is Helene Perdriat

who shows a decorative square oil painting, "Beauty and the Beast," which has much unrelated detail extremely well assembled. Against a brilliant green background, a figure of a woman reclines; she is too fantastic in design and color to be accepted as anything but decoration. But the massing of the color is quite splendid; fruit and the mandolin are well contrasted in the foreground and a lacy black scarf trails over green and white and orange for piquant contrast. There is a certain grace as well as grotesqueness in the body of the woman. Only the head and the shoulders are well modelled, and the heavy physical eyes look out with a dull, sensuous stare. The foolish little fawn is an interesting part of the composition.

There can be only praise for the sumptuously painted Still-Life by de Vlaminck. On a burnt orange table rests a white porcelain bowl, crossed with blue and dotted with yellow. It is filled to the brim and running over with the richest of fall fruit; peaches, pears and grapes press against each other in luxuriant masses. Beginning with purple



DIGGING IN THE GARDEN

JOHN SLOAN

and blue that pours over the brim of the bowl, de Vlamincq heaps up orange and pink and rose and yellow, ending the gorgeous composition with green branches and delicate blue flowers. It is

so spontaneously painted, there is so much robust interest in life and fearlessness that its beauty streams out to you past almost everything in the exhibition.

TWO NEW MEXICO CANVASES

By JOHN SLOAN

JOHN SLOAN is just back from Santa Fé where he spent the summer painting and building himself a home. This vast country of which Santa Fé is the heart is one of simple forms and endless beauty of color. So it has caught the imagination of men who seek inspiration for art in their own country. Bellows and Henri have made it their home for months at a stretch, Randall Davey has settled there permanently and now John Sloan counts Santa Fé his headquarters and is on a visit when he comes to New York.

This fall Sloan has brought back some striking Indian paintings; he has done so in fact for three years in succession. But to a large extent his work this season is dominated by that adobe house, placed in the centre of an old French garden, that has become his home. The garden is bright all summer long with hollyhocks and roses, French flowers and American flowers and of course an herb garden. The old house is being made more comfortable and larger, and in its old state, as well as in its process of reconstruction, has become the inspiration of some of Sloan's finest new canvases.

THE ARTS this month is showing two Sloan paintings, a home scene and an Indian scene. The first shows old stone walls in terraces, and a garden in the foreground; the brilliant New Mexico sun fairly drenching the greens and the earth color in dazzling light. The forms of the shining trees are opulent with mid-summer life, substantial trees that have grown up out of the earth, and the sunlight in the painting seems to be drawing the sap through the branches to the very tips of the leaves. The upturned furrows, too, gather the light in shining patches. The stone walls glow as though warm to the touch. I have wondered if John Sloan could have put so much intimate beauty into this scene if he had not painted it with the eye of the home lover as well as the artist. In the middle distance the men digging are also attacked by the sunlight. There is life in every inch of the canvas. It is interesting how much more than architectural details Sloan has presented in these pictures of his home.

A rich sense of the growth of the soil is in them and each landscape tells a story of the preparation for human existence. The way Sloan speaks about his new venture is "I have brought back a small crop of pictures but I have left a fine house."

"The Eagle Dance" (shown at the exhibition of the New Society) is Sloan's latest study of Indian life in its ceremonial phase. The painting of this picture is swift and fluent. Its inspiration was received at the time of the Taos Eagle Dance which Sloan has the privilege of attending this summer. Although done from memory the work is very definite and sure. There is as usual simplicity in design and great ease of technique. A man only paints this way who has painted a long time, whose whole life has been a preparation for a masterly presentation of his art. The Taos Eagle Dance is still performed as a religious festival; white people are reluctantly admitted, and camera and easels are never permitted. In this canvas of Mr. Sloan's there is a complete absorption in the old and holy rite, which is really a form of prayer in which the devotees still seek help from the Great Father for these perilous days in which they are living. A curious quality of desolation pervades this picture. The doors and windows of the pueblo are empty. No onlookers stand along the roof top gazing down with reverence upon the worshippers. But for the little group of dancers, the place is deserted. One feels that an old race and old customs are dying in this new world. Back of the half deserted mesa a brilliant contrast is afforded in the deep blue sky over which buffs of soft white clouds are floating. There is a certain flashing beauty in this background, and in front and below it, the half deserted pueblo and the few old men solemnly treasuring their old beliefs. Sunlight streams over the mesa and over the dancers, but it is coldly painted, smooth and clear, so judiciously handled that while it illuminates it does not enliven the scene. In spite of some touches of vivid color, the painting is a record of remote old figures moving sadly out of the world's history.



AMERICAN EXHIBITION

ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

AT CHICAGO

By HI SIMONS

THE Thirty-fourth Exhibition of American Paintings and Sculpture at the Art Institute of Chicago was followed by a Free Exhibition of Refused Works in the Rothschild store on State Street, beginning November 21.

The impulse of this movement was, admittedly, largely local. Of the score or more definitely progressive painters who showed their works at the last exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists, most of whom have been honored or at least included in former "American shows," only four—Anthony Angarola, Elizabeth S. Taylor, John W. Norton and Laura Van Pappelendam—are to be seen at the Institute now. C. Raymond Jonson, Ramon Shiva, Will Hollingsworth, Carl Hoeckner, Rudolph Weisenborn, Helen Walker, Julian McDonald, Gordon St. Clair, Agnes Squire Potter, Claude Buck,—these are only a few whom one misses. For the most part, this region is represented only by such men as Oliver Dennett Grover, Edward B. Butler, Adam Emory Albright, Ralph Clarkson, Wallace L. Dewolf, Frederick M. Grant and Carl R. Krafft.

But the manifestation of independence here is much more significant than this single criticism implies. The men promulgating the Exhibition of Refused Works say that the Institute show is not genuinely representative of American art. They

contend that the phases ignored are the ones out of which the American art of the future is to develop. This view cannot be dismissed as prejudice. Maxwell Armfield, Bryson Burroughs, Randall Davey, Stuart Davis, John Sloan, Sargent, Van Deering Perrine, Arthur B. Davies are here, but Luks, Albert Bloch, Glackens, Prendergast, Laurent, Demuth, the Zorachs, Burlin, Mrs. Cowdery, Reynolds Beal are not. And where are Rockwell Kent, Maurice Stern, Jerome Blum, Emil Blanchard, Hugh Breckenridge, Benjamin Kopman, Gaston Lachaise, Ejnar Hansen, Eugene Speicher? Where are Ross Moffett, Birger Sandzen, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, Thomas Benton, Alfeo Faggi, Walt Kuhn, Andrew Dasburg, B. J. O. Nordfeldt? Can any exhibition excluding these names, be considered representative of the painting and sculpture in America in this year of grace 1921?

The two principal defects of the Institute exhibition are that it does not include many men whom we have the right to expect to see, and by the significant workers there is much insignificant work. Lastly the show is dull.

One of the few bits of brilliant relief is the "Nude Woman" of Arthur B. Davies. It is the best thing by him we have seen in Chicago for at least two years. The insistence with which the flesh-tones vibrate against the stretched steel of the

background; the perfect balance of every detail of composition, the virile grace of line, the way in which the upper torso is built up in planes that refer back to the counter-motive of the limbs, make this a memorable achievement of disquieting beauty. In the same room hangs an "Impression of Yokohama" by Toshi Shimizu, intriguingly, impressively subtle in color, composition and conception. It is remarkable for the refinement with which every tone is associated to every other and for the consideration with which each detail enters the composition. And yet its intricate multiplicity embraces delightful human simplicities, and under its tragic tones is irresistible comedy. Anthony Angarola's "Compassion" receives honorable mention. It is a most sincere work, throbbing with genuine feeling, exalted by imagination. Some of the details of the figures are unequal to the fine painting of the landscape; the several spots of highest color have been applied from the same mixture, evidently, without due modulation to the different surrounding tones. But the design of the draperies, the quality of color in the background and the construction of the Christ and the other principal figures is quite convincing. Angarola's "Glen Lake From Miller's Hill" is done with equal care and feeling. John R. Grabach's "Waiting for the Bus" is a noticeably strong composition of fine color, and his two paintings of little girls are among the most spontaneous and delightful pictures on the walls. Claggett Wilson's "Basque Fisherman's Family" has certain inconsistencies—the faces of the mother and child have not the strength of painting that is in the man's head; the color of the garments is rather too thin—but its drawing and composition distinguish it among its companions.

Without question, among the most important things here are George Bellows' "Eleanor, Jean and Anna" which received the Beck medal from the Pennsylvania Academy, and "Old Lady in Black" to which the Norman Wait Harris silver medal is attached. The prize awarded from the Chicago Institute, the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan medal, is given to "The Dancing Lesson" by Cecelia Beaux, whose "Girl With Cat" also is shown. W. Elmer Schofield receives the Spalding prize for his "Morning Light;" and Eugene Savage, the William M. R. French gold medal for "Arbor Day." His "Pastoral" which was given a medal of honor by the New York Architectural League, also is to be seen here. Felicie Waldo Howells' "From the Attic Window," a lovely combination of warm and

cool greys, is given the Peabody prize. The Harris bronze medal is attached to "Ave Maria" by Wellington J. Reynolds. "Late Afternoon" by Frank C. Peyraud receives the Martin B. Cahn prize. Honorable mention is given Aldro T. Hibbard's "Late February."

Leon Kroll is represented by "In the Hills" and "Wappinger's Falls." The former was a prize-winner at the National Academy, but it seems to me inferior to the latter: the figures are weak in comparison with the sustained construction of his landscape. "Wappinger's Falls" impressed me as the finest landscape in the present exhibition. The admirably sincere and finely toned "Stone Crusher" of Robert Spencer and his "Rag Pickers," which was honored by the National Academy, are here. W. L. Metcalf, Marion O. Powers and Leopold Seyffert are represented by works which have received prizes from the Pennsylvania Academy.

John Noble exhibits two things—"Moonlight, Brittany," full of atmosphere and subtle quality, and the more recent "Provincetown, Winter" which is done with more dash than the earlier work; it is filled with splendid color and emanates vigor and movement. The two characteristic landscapes by Stuart Davis are bold and soundly constructed. Among the most poorly painted, but most naive and authentically imagined canvases, are those by Gerrit V. Sinclair of Milwaukee; he needs much work, but he has an excellent basis of imagination and conception upon which to develop. The somber "Funeral" by John F. Folinsbee is convincing in its atmosphere and the restrained quality of its color. Hayley Lever is represented by two splendid examples; Abram Poole, by the excellently drawn and colored "Portrait of Miss McFadden;" Frederic Clay Bartlett, by "Portrait: Florida," the best thing he has shown here for some time; Ernest L. Blumenschein, by two strong pictures from Taos; and Gregory McLoughlin, by "The Brick Court" and "Over the Roof"—hard and forceful in execution, and yet thoroughly built together.

Whether it be their fault or the jury's, the following are represented poorly or indifferently: Jonas Lie, Gari Melchers, Walter Ufer, Frederick C. Frieseke, Gardner Symons, John Sloan, William P. Henderson, Robert Henri, Wayman Adams, Childe Hassam. But one may see adequate examples of Guy Pene du Bois, Charles H. Woodbury, David Karfunkle, William Ritschel, Charles Reiffel, Guy Wiggins, Edith Catlin Phelps, William J. Potter, F. Lauter, Charles S. Chapman, George Elmer Browne.

Nothing now in the Institute holds the crowd so persistently as do two little stained wood groups by Herm. M. Linding of New York. For once, the crowd is right. For the naiveté of these figurines is totally without affectation; the composition, especially in "Music," is most interesting, and the actual cutting itself is done with character. Roger Noble Burnham has a large "Dedication to Service" in the sculpture-group; I do not think the piece itself is entirely successful; but the pedestal is remarkable. Figures as of spirits of the dead ascending are cut concave in the material, at first they appear to be in low relief; when one discovers the opposite to be the case, one is inclined to suspect a trick; but, upon consideration, one decides that the method is legitimate and the work, much more honest than merely clever. The result is an extraordinary impression of light and shadow. The most impressive group of sculpture present is that of Lucy Perkins Ripley which includes her lovely "Dawn." Charles Grafty's bust of Frank Duveneck is the recipient of the Potter Palmer gold medal. Honorable mention is made of Sherry Fry's "Unfinished Figure," S. P. Jennewein's "Cupid and Gazelle" and John Gregory's very gracious "Philomela."

AT the Arts Club is the most significant exhibition of modern art that has been in this city since the International Exhibition of 1913-14. Every lover of art here should—does, probably—feel deep gratitude to Mr. Forbes Watson for assembling it and to whoever in the club pried open a place for it.

Now at last we have a chance to see important phases of artists of whom many in Chicago have only a partial first-hand experience supplemented by a large but too indefinite literary knowledge. Van Gogh, for instance: all told, Chicago has not seen in all the last ten years so numerous nor so various works by him as are here together. And none so superb as "The Plow," nor so fulsome with beauty as "The Postman"—with what gusto it is conceived! and what a different impression of its author it gives one from the idea of neuroticism that the "standard" critics have emphasized. Arthur B. Davies is another who is excellently represented. From his four canvases one gets a curiously melancholy sense of background: of long travail endured by force of devotion and culminating in the output of the surpassing loveliness of "Bacchante Mother."

Here is Seurat's "La Poudreuse," a masterly achievement in this method. It is strange that Seurat is so seldom credited with form, bulk, contour; in this work is astonishing modelling and a

captivating humanness besides the qualities usually attributed to him. Then the still life and the landscape by Cézanne: as I was standing before the latter, thinking these thoughts, a stranger remarked to me, "This is the way Americans should paint! They've begun to do it in writing—Anderson, Sandburg, Dreiser—but American painting will have its beginning only when our young men and women begin to understand Cézanne." Yes, our painters here may learn infinitely from these Cézannes, and from these Picassos, this Vlaminck, these two charming Matissees and three powerful Derains.

Baylinson, Preston Dickinson, Man Ray, Demuth, are not, I feel, repeating or imitating the European cubists, post-impressionists. They have derived much from these Frenchmen, but they have assimilated it thoroughly and now are using it in the creation of something indubitably American, undeniably their own. Glackens, McFee, Pach, Weber, Tucker, Speicher, Stella, Sheeler and the Prendergasts are here. And here are Vuillard, Utrillo, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Redon, Cassatt, Morisot, Courbet, Manet and Marie Laurencin. One's gratitude to Mr. Watson and the Arts Club will endure long.

CHICAGO'S first "Salon des Refusés" which was held November 21-28 in the Rothschild department store was organized because it was felt that certain moderns, among them some westerners, had an æsthetic right to have been accepted at the annual exhibition of American art at the Art Institute. The "official" display, by excluding or failing to attract the work of scores of unorthodox painters, is not a representative national collection. The "Salon des Refusés" is also not representative as the more radical of our artists do not submit work to the Institute jury and therefore did not figure in a show of those who had not been accepted.

The outstanding successes of the exhibition were C. Raymond Jonson's "Age" and "Life." It is difficult to understand why they were not accepted at the Institute. "Age" is one of his marines, composed from material obtained at Ogunquit. "Life" is a quite recent composition and represents a further step in Jonson's development toward symbolism—perhaps toward abstraction. Unless his work is to be merely "literary" or "poetical," the artist who attempts this sort of thing must be an expert symbolist as well as an excellent painter. Jonson is both. His metaphor in this case is profound and yet unconfused. He has acquired technical individuality and skill beyond any other of the younger painters in Chicago: one begins now to wish for him to "let

loose," to relax his meticulousness. "Age" is daring, "Life" is subtle, in composition: the latter is elaborate with delicate rhythms. And both are fine in color: Jonson, though a young man, has a distinctively personal tone and quality of color.

Anders Hiaugseth of Lincoln, Neb., has a landscape that shows derivations from both Vlaminck and contemporary Germans—perhaps Georg Schrimpf. Tree-forms, a telegraph pole, rural roads and cottages are distorted into a massive composition. The dark greens, blues and purples are too cold, almost crude; but the canvas has force, assuredness, emotion, conception.

Carl Hoeckner of Chicago showed two ambitious and conscientious pictures which at the same time were disappointing to those who have followed his work. Doubtless their hanging had something to do with their ineffectiveness (for in the almost black tones of "The Storm" the principal element of composition and some of the figures were all but lost; while in "A Prayer" one of the two figures was next to indistinguishable); but the fault lay also in the character of the work. The theme, as in nearly all of Hoeckner's work, was literary, not to say dogmatic; one feels he had not chosen the proper medium for the transmission of such material.

Another surprise of the rejected artists' show was the exhibition of "The Beggar," "Portrait of Vladimir Madem" and "Portrait of Miss Alice" by Sam Ostrovsky, who was represented at the Spring salon of 1916 in Paris. It was surprising to find them among rejected works, because they were realistic in conception and restrained in method.

Rudolph Weisenborn's "Morning" was the most finely modelled nude in the exhibition. It was less

pretentious than his vast "Correlations" that caused a sensation at last year's exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists, but more successful. Of that, one's chief impression was of quantities of paint; in this, he used a method of applying broken color new to him; in consequence one received a fine impression of substance.

Dulah Marie Evans' "Cadences" was a fresh attempt at creation; but its rhythms were too obvious. Ramon Shiva had two of the most interesting things in the show. "Shadows of Gold" suggested—almost entirely by its qualities as a painting, its color and composition, and with a minimum of dependence upon natural objects—the sordidness lying underneath the splendor of our metropolitan materialism. With broad execution Ejnar Hansen conveyed, in the portraits of his parents, forceful characterizations.

Others who exhibited good or promising work are Eugen Neuhaus of Berkeley, E. Dewey Albinson of Minneapolis, Edith Jane Bacon of Kenosha, F. Lauter and Richard L. Marwede of New York City, Herman More of Davenport, Ia., Fred Nagler of Huntington, Mass, Gerit V. Sinclair of Milwaukee, and the following Chicago persons: Helen L. Walker, Claude Buck, Aloysius G. Weimer, James D'Agostino, Agnes Squire Potter, Thomas Hall, Helen West Heller, Karl Mattern, Frances Strain.

This exhibition has established that, either the New York Society of Independent Artists must extend its scope so as to send its annual exhibition west, or Chicago must have a genuine independent show of its own.

IN CHICAGO ART CIRCLES

By KATHARINE EGGLESTON ROBERTS

IT is too bad that I didn't at least start to write this letter before seeing the exhibition of contemporary and nearly contemporary French and American paintings at the Arts Club, because that particular collection of canvases engenders so much enthusiasm that everything else grows dim in comparison. It is exactly what most of Chicago has desired, and all of Chicago has needed for a long time. The importance of it lies in that not only are such artists as Manet, Mary Cassatt, Renoir, Cézanne,

Courbet, Van Gogh, Matisse, Picasso, Davies, Derain, Seurat, Stella, Marie Laurencin, and others of like interest represented, but in that they are represented by some of the best examples of their work. One is grateful, too, for the excellent hanging of the pictures.

My chief regret is that Chicago cannot keep the pictures and the man who assembled them and opened the exhibition with a talk worthy of the masterpieces he introduced—Mr. Forbes Watson. He



VALLEY OF GRAND ANDELY

HARRY B. LACHMAN

Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.

speaks from a depth of knowledge, a balance of judgment, and a sane, sure conviction. May he come again and soon.

Another interesting event in Chicago's art world has been the "Salon des Refusés," a collection of canvases refused by the Art Institute for its Thirty-Fourth Annual Exhibition of American Painting and Sculpture. It is very easy to understand why the Institute preferred certain important canvases, which were mentioned in last month's article, but it is equally difficult to understand why it hung others of undoubted mediocrity and rejected a few (only a few) that are in the Salon des Refusés—particularly Aloysius G. Weimer's character study, "Dad and Mother;" C. Raymond Jonson's marine, "Age;" and Ejnar Hansen's eloquent "Portrait of My Mother." In the marine the solid firm strength of the rock mellowed by a softly colored haze contrasts with the swift-running sea at its feet. The sense of the eternal is there. In this same collection

is a remarkably strange canvas called "The Storm," painted by Carl Hoeckner. Streaks of jagged lightning split a blue-black background out of which gradually emerge wraiths that seem to twist and melt again into the blackness. In spite of its bad hanging the picture holds an almost sinister fascination. It may not be marvelously good but it is unquestionably interesting. Included in the display is another marine of the old stereotyped chromo brand called, "Back to Normalcy." Somebody's getting facetious.

Probably no Chicago artist has ever had a more auspicious opening of an exhibition of his pictures than did Harry B. Lachman when Miss Mary Garden, general director of Chicago opera and general favorite of all Chicago, presided at a reception for him at the Drake Hotel and the city's elite went to pay homage to her and to the young man who has been made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and who holds the distinction of being the only

American artist with four paintings in the Luxembourg. It was a most interesting exhibition although, owing to the smallness of the rooms and the large size of the crowd, one could get a full view of a picture only at infrequent intervals. However, the canvases were later moved to the Carson Pirie Scott galleries where they are now shown to excellent advantage.

Mr. Lachman paints rather solidly and with a marked predominance of greens and yellows. In several of the pictures—for instance, "The Grand Rue, Petit Andely," and "Tivoli"—the manipulation of transparent shadows is especially good. "The Valley of Grand Andely," loaned by the French Government, is, of course, one of the best things he has done. Of the architectural pictures, "The Bridge, Semur," is one of the most likable. It is to be expected when a young painter gives us an exhibition of over one hundred pictures that there will be a noticeable unevenness; but, nevertheless, it is deplorable. True, nobody can be at his best every minute in painting or writing or anything else, but I can't help believing that if the artist had given us fewer canvases more of them might have more nearly approached the standard set by his better if not his best ones. The whole hundred and four are exhibited under the title, "Italy and Normandy—Exhibition of Recent Paintings." We are told he practiced photography in the earlier days of his career as a painter. Some of the canvases make us feel he has not got far enough from those days. Then another one surprises someone into saying there is a hint of Picasso. No—there are Picassos only a few blocks away at the Arts Club. Anyhow,

it is not a hint but a broad expression of Harry Lachman at his best.

The Anderson Galleries announce the coming of paintings by W. Lee Hankey. Scenes of Belgian and French peasant life and shore pictures are the chief subjects of the exhibition. Since his paintings and water colors rarely reach this country the lovers of his more familiar etchings are eager for the coming exhibition.

In the O'Brien galleries hang a number of paintings recently brought from the east where some of them received highly coveted honors. Vincent's "Old Boat Houses—Provincetown" made its artist an Associate of the National Academy in 1920 and was invited to both the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. It is not only a well done picture from a technical point of view but has a distinct personal appeal. H. Dudley Murphy is represented by "The Red Patio," "A Spanish Bridge" and a marine. The simplicity of two ship pictures by Hibbard contrasts with the greater pretension in those by G. L. Noyes. The rolling hills and winding rivers in the landscapes by Wm. J. Kaula are restful in their soft autumn coloring. Almost more interesting than the larger things are the prize winning thumb-box sketches from the Salamagundi Club of Everett L. Warner, Wm. S. Robinson and Charles Ebert.

There is an increased activity in art circles here this fall. The exhibitions we are having are calculated to awaken the liveliest interest and to set standards worth while. They are provocative of discussion and that's what we want.

COMMENT ON THE ARTS

THE exhibition of the New Society of Artists at the Wildenstein Galleries was disappointing. It was disappointing because in the whole show there was not a single painting which one would make any sacrifice to own. In each of the great art epochs of the past, think how many hundreds of pictures were painted which we who are art lovers would give almost anything to have! Think of the four small upright Bellinis in the Belli Arti; think of the Carpacios in the chapel of St. George of the Slaves; think of Holbein's "Erasmus," or Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus" in the Louvre, of the wonderful Mantegna landscape in Madrid! What wouldn't any of us

do if we could have about us such paintings? And there was nothing at the show of the New Society which can be compared with any of these masterpieces. Nor was there anything which will compare favorably with a fine Renoir, a Manet or an early Fantin-Latour. The show was disappointing, bitterly disappointing to the man who wishes above all else to see America have the place in the art world which it should take.

Let us run through the show hastily.

The Gifford Beal marine has many admirable qualities. It is unpretentious, good if not great art. I do not think it would lose on further acquaintance.



N U D E

New Society of Artists

C H I L D E H A S S A M

The Reynolds Beal water colors are not quite so satisfactory. There is an evenness of brushwork, which, when the brush stroke is a broad one, is disconcerting. The two portraits by Bellows are good, but they are so like other portraits by Bellows. Take two portraits by Holbein; even two which were painted the same year. How unlike they are! Holbein was wholly engrossed by his sitter. Bellows is so much taken up with technical problems that he does not recognize that his sitter is the important element and that if he gave all his energies to express the characteristics of the sitter, would prevent repetition. The work of Henri has the same faults. But you will say: "A painter like Bronzino repeats the same way that Bellows does." Excuse me, but Bronzino does not. Bronzino is a stylist, a stylist through and through. He lived in an age of elegance and all of his portraits are elegant. He was not a realist in any way. There had been generations of culture before a Bronzino could be born. There is nothing stylish in Bellows' art. Therefore no generations of culture are needed to produce a Bellows.

The decorative screens of Robert Chanler are beautiful as Chanler's screens are. They are not the screens of Sesshiu, of Motonobu, of Koyetsu, and beautiful as Chanlers' screens are, they are not comparable to their prototypes. It may be unfair to Robert Chanler to make the comparison, but there are so many who are proclaiming America's pre-eminence in art that I feel that from time to time these truths should be thrust home.

In Randall Davey's paintings one feels a little too much the outer shell of the great southwest, the superficial appearance, not the inner life, the real spirit of the Indian. Oh, I know how difficult it is to penetrate to that inner life. But difficult as it is, it is the thing that we must strive for. Do you remember Gentile Bellini's paintings of the Orient and how marvelously he penetrated into the life of the Turks?

Frieseke's art strikes perhaps a more personal note than anything else in the show. I do not mean that it is great work; but it seems to me that it is very much Frieseke. It is not reminiscent of Renoir or of Manet or of Picasso. It is Frieseke. You may call it what you will, but it remains a personal expression.

And that leads us naturally to the work of Glackens. There is in the work of many of the moderns, the signs that these artists are no longer earnest students. One feels that they are no longer making careful strides from the nude. The piano

player never gets away from his five-finger exercises. It would be better if the painter and sculptor never entirely got away from careful!—I had almost said academic—drawing. The amazing thing is that as I talk to the painters, three-fourths of them will agree that Smith and Jones are getting weaker each day in their drawing; yet they do not take the lesson home to themselves. Drawing, as Ingres has said, is "the common honesty of painting." In these days of bluff how few seem to feel the necessity for good draughtsmanship! Glackens has talent, unmistakable talent, but he let his art slide. He is careless about construction, about drawing.

The Halpert "Landscape" is, I believe, a recent one. It has considerable beauty, as much possibly as any landscape in the exhibition. The "Interior" is less simple than his earlier interiors, but I think it is more personal, more individual.

Childe Hassam holds his place well at the New Society. He has sent quite a number of small paintings and they all have the Hassam flavor, and by flavor I mean that indefinable something with which men of marked individuality impress their art.

And now we come to Rockwell Kent, the darling of the gods. His work is at times so good that I fear to talk about it lest I overpraise. Leon Kroll, too, is doing good work. His "Spring" is far less hackneyed a painting than its title would suggest. The plow has cut deep furrows in a rolling meadow and the contrast between the brown earth and the young grass is beautifully rendered.

Hayley Lever is always good but he never reaches the highest heights. He always falls a bit short of them. Jonas Lie, too, never paints anything which has not admirable qualities, but he also seems unable to produce the masterpiece which we used to hope he would paint. Somehow Lawson has ceased to progress, just as honors are being showered upon him.

George Luks escapes the blight which has fallen upon so many of our middle-aged painters, the middle-of-the-road painters, I had almost called them. The younger men are more interesting. The older men are better masters of their craft.

What is McFee doing? Why does he send to exhibitions things he did, painted some years ago? Is his well also running dry?

Gari Melchers is a capable painter. He has ability. He has done work which was almost great work. "Easter Sunday" follows closely the lines of his own good painting. "Mother and Child" follows too closely the painting of Mary Cassatt.

It is well not to be dependent on your next door neighbor for your water supply. Jerome Myers does not have to trespass on his neighbor's land to get his inspiration. He has a spring right near his side door. Some would say the water was a bit brackish, but there is always somebody who is envious of the man who does not have to trespass in order to find inspiration.

When Joseph Pennell trespasses on his neighbor's pet preserves he brings his household gods with him. He is now living directly opposite Ardsley Studios and, as I write this, it would be quite possible for him with strong field glasses to read what I write. If he enjoys the view as much as I do I wish him many years of life on Brooklyn Heights. Hassam was speaking of it yesterday and said that if he had to choose his abiding place and could move his studio-apartment building over to Columbia Heights he would gladly do so. Pennell's water colors of down-town Manhattan and lower East River are not wholly successful. Mr. Pennell doubtless recognizes the fact himself for he must know that the subject matter is of the utmost difficulty and that it cannot be conquered in a few months. He has made a good beginning and I wish him all strength to his right arm. Let me also congratulate him on his election to the Academy of Arts and Letters. He is now an "immortal." At the same time were honored Charles Dana Gibson and Mr. Bacon, the architect of the Lincoln Memorial.

Then there are Van Deering Perrine and Prendergast, both of whom are more than mere craftsmen, and John Sloan who exhibits "Eagles of Tesuque" and another landscape. He has not gone to New Mexico in vain.

Eugene Speicher is even striving to do bigger things and that is why I always feel in his work that something which holds you long after you are familiar with a canvas. The Maurice Steines have the same quality. Here, too, I feel an art "yearning like a god in pain." Creation cannot all be an act of joy. There are bitter pangs which the creator must suffer if he is to do great work.

In Albert Sterner's "The Passion," I do not feel these bitter pangs although the subject calls for them. I do feel the beauty of the composition and the charm of the color.

MORE and more I feel the truth of Virgil's "I fear the Greeks bearing gifts." It is an unpleasant thing that we are forced to suspect the

bearer of gifts. It wounds our pride and it wounds his. We all wish to believe that the gift-bearer is actuated purely by friendship. We wish to think that his affection is disinterested. We hate to underestimate a man's altruism. And we know how it hurts when, bearing gifts, we are suspected of having ulterior motives.

The latest gift in the art world is a weekly "Current Art Topics" which is not sold but given away to the press. It is an admirable sheet well gotten up which supplies art news to the art critic who would perhaps otherwise have difficulty filling his page (especially after that little dinner Wednesday evening), to the managing editor who has decided this year to manage without an art critic (times being so bad), to the editor of the *Paradise Weekly Chronicle* whose readers are avid to know what is going on in the metropolis. It is published by Art Service (how we all love service these days!). The first number was dated November 17. It contained an excellent and unbiased view of the doings of our art institutions. Moreover there were two half-tone reproductions, the cuts for which could be had for the asking. The paper or magazine was in no way obliged to acknowledge the source of its information. Truly these modern Greeks are generous in their liberality.

In my innocence I thought: "Some man more altruistic than his neighbors has imagined that he could benefit by spreading the love for beauty throughout this land of ours. We should all encourage him and use the information freely."

The second issue appeared and in it a review of the Academy so amazing that I decided that in this case I agreed with Virgil who, when all is said and done, was no fool. I hate to agree with Virgil. I would so much rather believe in the altruism of my fellow-man. But listen to the review of the Academy and see if you too do not begin to fear these gift-bearing Greeks as I do. Here it is:

"When an artist paints a type of subject that strikes the fancy of the public, he is tempted to keep to that character of work. Then it is easy for the gallery visitor to pick out the gay ladies dressed in black that we are accustomed to see from the brush of Harry W. Watrous. Sometimes, however, Mr. Watrous enjoys doing a landscape and after you get over the surprise of finding out who is the painter, you also will enjoy the quiet, rich color of "The Oaks" that hangs near the center of the main wall in the Vanderbilt Gallery of the National Academy of Design's Winter Exhibition.

"Other surprises include a Portrait of F. W. Biesecker, Esq., by the landscape painter, William

A. Coffin, and a charming Jar of Marigolds which the landscape painter, Ben Foster, declares he had great "fun" in doing.

"These are but a few of the 453 paintings, etchings and pieces of sculpture that may be seen at 215 West 57th Street, New York, until December 18th."

As headings for the Academy review they gave,

SURPRISES AT THE ACADEMY SHOW

A Portrait by Coffin, Landscape by Watrous,
Flowers by Foster

"Surprises at the Academy"! How many of the visitors found these three paintings the "surprises of the Academy"? Out of the thousands of visitors do you suppose there were five including the author of the review? I doubt if there were two. The truth of the matter is that very few even of those who attend the Academy shows go there to see the work of Coffin, Watrous and Foster. Rightly or wrongly interest in these painters has grown less for it is the younger group that holds the stage to-day. These painters are unobtrusive in their work. To create "surprises" you must be boisterous. The review in question in no way sums up the impression one gets from the Academy show. It is not an impartial review. It is a strong bit of propaganda for a particular (and rather generally discredited) form of art. All of which makes one ask: "Who is back of this propaganda?"

Almost all activity on behalf of art degenerates into a propaganda for a particular style of art. Altruism degenerates into egoism. The scheme for a weekly sheet which will inform the press of the events of the art world is excellent. The sheet however must be impartial. I trust that the second issue of the "Current Art Topics" will not serve as a model for future numbers.

A real surprise was given us by the Academy when the Altman prize of \$1,000 was taken from Carl Rungius and given to Ernest L. Blumenschein.

The will of Benjamin Altman specifies that the prizes awarded from his endowment fund shall go to artists born in the United States of America.

The jury for the National Academy, selected for the first Altman Prize, the painting by Carl Rungius, an American citizen but not born in the United States. When the attention of the Committee was called to the provisions of the Altman will, it necessitated a change, and the first Altman Prize (\$1 000) has now been awarded to a man who was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Ernest L. Blumenschein,

A.N.A., for "Superstition," a picture of an Indian surrounded by objects used in the religious rites of his tribe. The second Altman Prize (\$500) went to Arthur P. Spear, A.N.A., of Boston, for his ideal figure group of mermaids entitled "Sunrise."

The Isidor Medal for the best figure composition by an American under thirty-five years of age, was withdrawn from Arthur Spear and awarded to George Lawrence Nelson for "The White Vase."

THE third issue of *Current Art Topics* has appeared and the fears I had that it was published not for art but for the benefit of a group of artists seems to be true. Let me tell you a story. Recently an art critic wrote up a show in which figured John Doe, the celebrated painter. The art critic wrote a long article and placed John Doe among the "also ran." The Sunday Editor featured John Doe in the heading although he was not featured in the text. And *Current Art Topics* in its third issue features John Doe and gives a reproduction of his Academy painting and does not reproduce the Altman prize-winner, Blumenschein's "Superstition." What subtle pressure is being brought to bear in favor of John Doe?

AND now let us see the exhibition itself. We have been standing too long on the threshold and I know you hate to stand and wait quite as much as I do. On the wall just as you enter the south gallery are a group of paintings by artists, all of whom I knew by reputation as a boy, Whittemore, Bolton Jones, Henry R. Poore and Leonard Ochtman. All these stories of the world's having changed so much must be false. The Academy has not changed. And further on I see a George Smillie, the last we shall see at an academy show, for Mr. Smillie, who was a type of gentleman fast disappearing, alas! died a few weeks back. Just this side of it is a brilliant study of a department store by Katherine Langhorne Adams and just beyond Theresa Bernstein's "Girlhood." A little further is Walter Ufer's "By the Window," a very good bit of work, more attractive to me than his more ambitious "Present and Past: Confusion" in the Vanderbilt Gallery. Even its unfortunate surroundings cannot kill "Twilight—New Mexico," by Albert Lucas. It has tenderness, a quality which is rare in an age in which sentimentality has so largely replaced sentiment. Then come a group of portraits: "Claire Sheridan," by Emile Fuchs, a "Claire Sheridan" who towers far above my head. I would feel embarrassed at having to talk with so tall a woman, but it would be in-

finitely worse to be so tall a woman and to parade one's six foot six along Fifth ave. Mrs. Sheridan is tall, but she is not one inch too tall, whereas in the portrait she resembles poor Alice in "Alice in Wonderland." William Cotton's "Catherine Wharton Morris" and Ernest Ipsen's "John Lane" are more normal in their proportions and lose nothing thereby.

"You admire my daughter's portrait," she said; "you ought to. We paid enough for it. You know he did not paint the hands. He isn't strong on hands. That's why he generally paints busts. We paid him a good price though and he hired Smith to paint the hands, and everybody says the hands are too sweet for words." William A. Coffin should hire Smith to paint the hands. His portrait is sincere, straightforward, but the hands are not "too sweet for words."

There are a number of good things stretched along, canvases by Gifford Beal, by Frieske, by Farley, Hayley, Lever, Roy Brown, Allyn Cox (a decorative panel in the style of the early Eighteenth Century), George Laurence Nelson, "The White Vase" (which got the Isidor medal); Arthur Spear, "The Sunrise" (awarded the second Altman prize), and Harry Leith-Ross, whose "Gray Day, Winter" is exceptionally sympathetic.

There are now only a few more paintings in this gallery, which on the whole is a monotonous room. Of the few it seems to me the following stand out as the most interesting: "High River," by John F. Folinsbee; "Southcote, Bermuda," by Will Howe Foote; "Tampa," by Reynolds Beal; "The Harbor," by Roy Brown, and a Norse landscape by William H. Singer, Jr.

In the center gallery the average painting is not quite so monotonous. The standard may be higher, but it is not high. I noted as I passed "Small Town," by Charles Rosen, in which Mr. Rosen has chosen a subject which has many elements of cubism; "Taos Plasterer," a bully bit of painting by Ernest Blumenschein; "Gray and Gold," by Florence Gotthold; "Skyscrapers," by Edward Potthast; "April," by Harry Leith-Ross; "Anchorage," by Armin Hansen; "Golden Afternoon," by Vonnoh, and "Morning," by Howard Giles.

On the north wall there are an unusually large proportion of good paintings. It is impossible to speak of each painting, but let me name a few of the artists: Chauncey Ryder, Frank Moore, Clara Fairfield Perry, Hawthorne, Hassam, Frieske, Birge Harrison (a beautiful moonlight), William S. Robinson, Waltman, Robert Spencer, Gertrude Fiske, W. Granville Smith. Then following around

the room are good paintings by W. Herbert Dunton, Douglas Volk (a portrait of ex-Governor Smith), Katherine Langhorne Adams, Marian T. MacIntosh, Anna Crane and Eliot Clark.

Up the steps and we are in the Vanderbilt Gallery. It is supposed to contain the cream of the whole show. On the whole it does. But in the Vanderbilt Gallery one misses the note of quiet sincerity of work like that of Harry Leith-Ross. These larger canvases are too often pretentious. I like Mr. Blumenschein's "Taos Plasterer" more than I do his "Superstition." It seems to me more sincere. Naturally, "Taos Plasterer" does not fit so well into the scheme of the Vanderbilt Gallery. I fear it would not have won him the Altman prize. So much the worse for the academy!

Among the good paintings just as you go into the gallery are Robert Gauley's "Spanish Shawl," Garber's "Mill," and close to it the painting which was at first given the Altman prize, "Fall Round-Up," by Carl Rungius, Sloan Bredin's "Garden Bench," and a full-length portrait by August Franzen. Mr. Franzen is a student of the old masters (there are few academicians who are students of the old masters), and his portrait consequently has dignity. Dignity of pose and of treatment are things which are the direct result of a love for tradition, and those who do not care for the masters of the past seldom have dignity. Then comes a compact group of good canvases, canvases by Lester Baronda, Helen McCarthy, Ritschel, Ben Foster (a very good bit of painting, and Mr. Foster should paint flowers again. He does them well), S. Walter Norris, Groll, Walter Ufer, Jonas Lie, Costigan, Albert Rosenthal and Horatio Walker. Then comes the painting which deservedly has the place of honor in the present exhibition, a portrait of a lady by the late Abbott Thayer. On one side is "Evening Recreation," by Jerome Myers; on the other, "The Oaks," by Mr. Watrous (not one of the "surprises" of the show, but a fairly solid landscape in the style of Blakelock). Passing on we come to an admirable Robert Spencer, but who ever saw a Robert Spencer which was not admirable? It is the only fault I have to find with Mr. Spencer.

Then comes the recipient of the Carnegie prize, "Forest Primeval," by Charles S. Chapman. It is a forest primeval seen through the eyes of Monsieur Courbet. But what of that? Do not all of us see through the eyes of some one of the masters, and if we can only thoroughly assimilate what we see and make it our own, who is there to say nay? But time will soon be called and I can but give a list

of a few more artists who deserve comment and they will close the gallery for the night. Here are the names: Bruce Crane, Dines Carlsen, Browne, Esperanza Gabay, Nave, Dorothy Ochtman, Emil Carlsen; Peter Marcus, Henry B. Snell, Elizabeth Watrous, Lawson, Max Bohm, who shows the canvas he exhibited last summer in Provincetown, and Paul King.

KNOEDLER has had an important show of early American portraits. I find I am in general an absolute ignoramus when it comes to Colonial art. However, I discovered that a supposed art authority, a person who is an authority by profession, knew even less about Ralph Earl than I did. The authority in question said: "If I am not mistaken Earl came from England just before the Revolution and painted here quite in the style of his English masters." I thought I knew better than that. So we looked it up and found that Earl was born in Shrewsbury, Mass., in 1751 and died of intemperance in 1801 at Bolton, Conn. Had he been a business man the fact that he imbibed would not have been handed down to posterity, but "what else could you expect of them artist chaps?"

One of the most beautiful paintings at Knoedler's was Earl's portrait of his wife. The man who was married to such a woman had no business to die of intemperance.

The array of Stuarts was a noble one. One of the most interesting is the portrait of Ozias Humphrey. It is a painter's painting painted with all the joy of the master craftsman. Then there were two portraits of Washington.

In another room was an exhibition of paintings by Johanna Woodwell Hailman. She is an indifferent portrait painter, apparently preoccupied with pleasing the sitter's "cousins and his sisters and his aunts." This preoccupation keeps her from doing her best work. She is an excellent flower painter, as is shown by the canvases like "Madonna Lilies" and "September Flowers." Her landscape work, especially in "Storm Wind," is also good.

I WOULD hate to have an exhibition at the John Levy Galleries. The rooms are beautiful. The background is quite perfect. But if I ever should have a show there I would just ask them to give me the entire ground floor. Otherwise I know what would happen. The visitor to my show would wander into the last gallery and there he would find some little gem, a Cazin (they have a most beautiful little Cazin there now), a Corot, a Jacob

Maris and my visitor would leave with a haunting vision of a Corot and my array of paintings would have vanished from his mind so completely that when his wife that evening would ask him "Have you seen Hamilton Easter Field's show at John Levy's?" he would answer "Oh yes, he paints cows very well, doesn't he? Or is it sheep? Well, I remember seeing them anyway. Only I saw a little Corot there, a perfect gem. I asked the price and really if the times were only a little better you'd have it for Christmas."

GLEB DERUJINSKY is a Russian refugee. The sympathies of the Derujinsky family were against the Bolsheviks and therefore the only thing for the young sculptor to do was to ship as a sailor on a vessel leaving Caucasus for America. He arrived in New York in 1919 with \$10 in his pocket and no passport, but influential friends at that time overcame all obstacles and since his undisputed talent and this show at Milch's has done the rest.

Derujinsky's sculpture is eminently pictorial. It lacks the sculptural qualities of the work of Gaston Lachaise, of Alfeo Faggi, of Robert Laurent. You cannot easily combine the grace of French art of the Eighteenth Century with the qualities of the sculpture of the pediment of the Parthenon. In giving Mr. Derujinsky full praise for his work it is but just to add that he has aimed at the grace of the Eighteenth Century sculpture and not of the higher achievements of Egypt and Greece.

IN writing of the death of Abbott Thayer I wrote that I considered him the most distinguished of our painters who were living last spring. The statement was made hastily. What I have seen of Thayer's work since has confirmed in me my belief of Abbott Thayer's genius. There is an exhibition of his art at Milch's, minor examples of his work in the main, and I feel that it is the most interesting show of American art we have had since the Thomas Eakins exhibition at the Metropolitan.

Abbott Thayer had the qualities of the great Italian masters. He had their breadth of view. Take the unfinished nude at the end of the gallery. It has the qualities which Henri's nudes lack. One feels that the Abbott nude has mysterious bonds with the universe. Emerson, in speaking of a great man, said (in substance) "When he moved his head you felt that the universe moved with it." Abbott Thayer in his art reached such heights that you feel that the universe in a way moves with it. As craftsmanship Manet's Olympia is an achievement far beyond



WIFE OF THE ARTIST

Knoedler & Co.

RALPH EARL



INCOMING FISHERMEN
GEORGE PEARSE ENNIS
Babcock Galleries

the nude of Abbott Thayer. In conception I feel it distinctly inferior. There are no mysterious bonds between the Olympia and the universe.

Abbott Thayer in his drawings shows the attitude which the old masters had toward their drawings. In those days drawings were the necessary preliminary studies for paintings. They were not considered as things made for sale. They were valued as documents. Raphael sent Durer a drawing "to show his hand." There were no exhibitions of drawings, nothing which would make the draughtsman self-conscious. He drew for himself. All that has been changed and changed within a very few years. Abbott Thayer drew for himself. He was of the line of the great masters. I would not know where to turn to find anything in American art comparable with these studies of Thayer. At the Milch Galleries the number of drawings is large (twenty-five are catalogued) and they add an interest which preceding shows of Thayer's work have not had. I did not see the show at the Carnegie Institute and it is possible that some of his drawings were included, but no one has spoken to me of them if there were any shown.

THERE is an unusual show at Kraushaar's which will run through December. It is a modern show. American and European works of art hung side by side on peaceable terms.

There are two delightful color sketches by Puvis de Chevannes, slight little things but very lovely. Forain is represented by more important examples.

Here is Forain at the height of his power—dramatic, a little cynical. And here is just where Guy Pene du Bois loses out, when one compares him with Forain. Du Bois is too cynical to ever be dramatic. Forain is never so cynical but that he sympathizes with his *dramatis personae* and du Bois does not.

Fantin Latour's "Flowers" is a little painting of the utmost beauty. Unfortunately the difficulty of reproducing a picture with so dark a background is so great that it seemed best not to attempt it. The bigger men seldom repeat; the "Wake of the Ferry-boat" by John Sloan is a case in point. A lesser man would have repeated so successful a canvas. Better far, it seems to me, is Gifford Beal's "The Cliffs at Montauk" than his circus parade at the Academy. It is a solidly composed landscape.

There is also a head of a woman of great beauty by Toulouse Lautrec. The bronzes are a delightful lot—Bourdelle, Mahonri Young, Gaston Lachaise. Then Luks, Tack, Sisley, Jerome Myers, Prendergast, Halpert, Courbet, Ryder, Carriere and Decamps complete one of the best shows of the season.

OUR frontispiece, a Madonna and Child with Saint John by Jacopo del Sellaio is owned by the Fearon Galleries. Jacopo del Sellaio was a pupil of Fra Fillippo Lippi. He died in 1493, aged about fifty. There are about a hundred of his paintings known of which about twenty are in America. The Jarvis Collection (Yale University) is especially rich in works by this master as it has six of his paintings. The late John G. Johnson of Philadelphia owned five. Other collectors owning works by Jacopo del Sellaio are Mrs. Bacon of Peacedale, R. I., Stanley Mortimer of New York and Dan Fellows Platt of Englewood, N. J.

AT the Babcock Gallery they are having a show of work by the Guild of American Painters. The work of the Guild is improving. It is quite unnecessary to hand around prizes and honorable mentions. If it were necessary (and it never is necessary nor desirable) I would beg a previous engagement.

Richard M. Kimbel is a man the Guild should get rid of. The man is a colorist. Colorists are a nuisance. They have a way of painting nature quite literally and giving the canvas a charm of color which injures the paintings around it in an uncalled for manner. For the good of those of us who are not colorists the colorists should be suppressed. We who are not colorists are in the majority. For the happiness of the greatest number it is very evident that the colorist must go. For the happiness



HOUSE IN GARDEN

H. VANCE SWOPE

Guild of American Painters, Babcock Galleries

of the majority I have no doubt but that Mr. Kimbel will consent to stop painting. He has two winter scenes (one of them was reproduced in the August-September number of *THE ARTS*) with snow, rich in color. Frederick K. Detwiller's "New York Old and New" hangs next to it. Mr. Detwiller's canvas suffers from the juxtaposition. His work is naturally somewhat lacking in color and Mr. Kimbel's work is so full and rich that it emphasizes Mr. Detwiller's failing.

George Pearse Ennis and Bela Mayer are two painters who have much in common. They see the picturesque side of things. They enjoy the feel of paint. Henry S. Eddy is another strong painter who is especially successful with harbors and ships

and docks and the tang of the sea. Arthur Freeland is fairly successful with "Pierrette" but I prefer his charming little street scene with figures. Ernest Roth deserves to be better known as a painter than he is. It all comes from his having gained fame as an etcher and the public believes that an etcher cannot paint. (And Whistler and Rembrandt, if you please?)

H. Vance Swope has for his two canvases (each member of the Guild is allowed to exhibit two canvases) "House in Garden" and "Village Street." Both show a fine appreciation of New England landscape. Two years ago and John E. Costigan was an obscure young painter doing good work. Now he is acclaimed by quite a number of the



UNDER BROOKLYN BRIDGE

WILLIAM STARKWEATHER

Gallerie Intime

younger set (the younger set must not be confused with the ultra-modernists!) as a master. Two years can work wonders. Some painters gain recognition easily. Others have to wait for it. Walter Farndon does not get the recognition he deserves. He deserves considerable. There is no need for his worrying about it. With time fame will come knocking at the door (provided, of course, that he continues to improve as he is doing at present). To Starkweather also there should come a broader recognition.

THE Gallerie Intime is a new gallery at 749 Fifth ave. As the name implies an attempt has been made to give the gallery the intimate feeling which you get in a home. It is a welcome variation from the usual formality of art galleries. Mrs. Anne Pinneo, the owner of the Gallerie Intime, plays the rôle of hostess. She does not overplay the

part but has tact and discretion. She knows when to leave folks alone, and so few hostesses understand that, and yet, when you have a question to ask, there she is at your elbow. Paintings look well at the Gallerie Intime.

William Starkweather has been having a show at the Gallerie Intime. His work covers a wide range of subjects and the titles are individual. "The Largest Magnolia Tree on Staten Island," "An Artist Painting in Washington Square," "The Sad Child of Cuernavaca, Mexico," "Marianna Rinaldo, Drudge and Mystic," "Louisa in the Out-door Studio," "Realism, Classicism and Futurism." Do not such titles whet your curiosity? They do mine.

Starkweather's painting is not so individual as the titles he has chosen, they do not lean on any one artist, but I do not always feel sufficiently the throbbing of the human heart back of them. Fire is often lacking, that thing which we call "pep." It



STILL LIFE

Whitney Studio Club

H. E. SCHNAKENBERG

is in the sketches that Starkweather is most successful as, for instance, in such a sensitive bit of painting as "Under Brooklyn Bridge, Winter."

THE Brooklyn Museum has one of the finest water color shows which we have ever had in America, and, as I have frequently pointed out, water color seems to be a medium particularly suited to the American temperament. It is therefore a show which no art lover should miss. The exhibitors include Gifford Beal, Robert Blum, William Boylan, Charles Burchfield, Arthur B. Davies, Demuth, Paul Dougherty, Albert Groll, George Hart, Bertram Hartman, Childe Hassam, John Held, Winslow Homer, Charles Hopkinson, Felicie Howell, Rockwell Kent, Lever, La Farge, Marin, Dodge Macknight, Pennell, Jane Peterson, Prendergast, Mary Rogers, Birger Sandzen, Sargent, Sprinchorn, Sterner, Tschudy, Horatio Walker, Alden Weir, Claggett Wilson, Wyant, Mahonri Young and the Zorachs. It is a splendid exhibition.

ONE of the most interesting shows of the season must have been the Stella, Schnakenberg show at the Whitney Studio Club. It was one of the good things I missed. That is what comes from going out in the rain without rubbers.

THE exhibition of Albert Bloch's paintings at the Daniel Gallery is the first chance that New Yorkers have had to see what is being done in modern Germany. Albert Bloch is an American, but he has lived and studied much in Germany and his art is not at all what it would have been had he stayed in America. His work shows many influences, among others (in a certain upright landscape with boats) the influence of Max Pechstein. Pechstein for his inspiration has gone back to the peasant art of Germany, a century or so back. He finds that the peasant art of those times is singularly sensitive, not to changeable atmospheric effects but to the essentials of the subject, to the things which do not change. Such peasant art is also very decorative, yet the decorative element would seem to have been a secondary consideration with its creators. They wished above all to express graphically facts of nature in landscapes; the brightness, the heat of the sun, the intense gloom of the storm-cloud, and in figure-work the action, the vital energy of life.

Albert Bloch is more cosmopolitan in his outlook than Pechstein, who has, in a large measure, created a movement. Because of Bloch's broader sympathies

he could not create a new movement, for he is neither a fanatic nor a fakir and it takes a fanatic or a fakir to start new movements in art.

The first canvases which Bloch has painted since his return to America are promising, for he is beginning to build up an individual style suited to the conditions of his new environment; a style in which elements of his environment play no inconsiderable rôle. If his art develops new beauties in the American atmosphere he will rank high among our younger artists. The art of men whose talent is superficial does not thrive in America. Men of genius, men like Winslow Homer, find our life a strong stimulant.

AT Macbeth's they have been having the fifth annual show of "Intimate Paintings." One of the curses of our time is our self-consciousness. A primitive race lives by instinct and therefore is not self-conscious. As the race becomes more and more civilized it is liable to lose its first innocence and its actions become premeditated. Especially is this true in the world of art. I suppose that I am more of a primitive than the average man of my time for I dislike self-consciousness as I dislike cod liver oil. At Macbeth's shows of "Intimate Paintings" there is a large percentage of pictures in which the artist has allowed his feelings to run away with him. He has lost his self-consciousness. That is why I enjoy these annual exhibitions.

Let us hastily run through the catalogue and mark a few of the paintings which showed the artist working more freely than in his larger works. There was a Blakelock, "Silvery Landscape," of exceptional quality, a Chase, "The Pink Bow," two Ben Fosters, two delightful little Frieseke's, two Eugene Higgins (he seems to be coming up these days), two Felicie Howells, a Jerome Myers, a Redfield, two Ritschels, a Theodore Robinson, two Chauncey Ryders, a Sartain, three Gardner Symons and an early Twachtman. All of these moved me as very frequently the larger, more important works of the same men do not.

AT the Montross Galleries there was an exhibition of work by F. Overton Colbert who as an Indian has quite another name which for the minute escapes me. His art is Indian in character. I believe he is of the Chickasaw tribe. Full in color, rich in its fancy, his work stands alone so far as I know in being based on the ancient Indian art and yet possessing attributes which come from his close contact with our civilization. Each of his pictures



ALBERT BLOCH

Daniel Gallery

DECORATION

illustrates a legend, an old Indian legend. Mr. Colbert has rendered these legends in English which is doubtless far less colored than the Chickasaw original but which retains a flavor distinctly individual. Here is one of the legends called the "Death of Great Red Eagle."

"Dreaming, perhaps, but what of that? Most great men have their dreams and medicine; I too have had my fill of fun, laughter, gain and human heat.

"Do you think for a passing of a thought that I, Great Red Eagle, can not die?

"The Sun and I flew these mad mesas days, even years, together, enjoying the greatest camps, looking into the eyes of the fairest flower and the greatest brave among you.

"To meet my death by the hand of Blood Pool, who sprang from the bear's blood, is much better than living and growing old and being made fun of by people not believing that I existed. It is much better that a myth god die than remain if you do not. You shall look for ever among the rocks and sand and pick up my blood.

"Garnets are now found all over the west."

THERE are two types of portrait painters. Of one of the types Benjamin Constant is typical; of the other, Fantin-Latour. Emile Fuchs who is exhibiting at Knoedler's is of the Benjamin Constant type. He is more interested in making a swell looking portrait than in bringing out character. Therefore he will continue to have success.

NOW I must write of the most difficult subject we have in American art: George Bellows. He is having a show at the Montross Galleries. It can not be ignored much as I would like to ignore it. I would like to ignore it because it is so devilishly difficult to write about. If Bellows were a man of no talent it would be simple, but Bellows is a man of great talent. He is one of the most talented of our younger men. Unfortunately Nature left out of Bellows' make-up some very essential elements which go to the making of a great artist. She left out the artistic instinct. Where a man like Albert Ryder was strong Bellows is weak. Instead of cultivating the little instinct which he has got he strives to use in its place the theories of Hambidge and Marratta, forgetting that the man who depends too much upon his crutches will in time be quite unable to get along without them. Theories are props for the weak. The strong do not need them.

That is precisely what is upsetting about Bellows. Here is a man of great energy, full of life, husky, the last man who you would think would be puzzling his head about theories. Here is this same man who should be living a full rich life, fussing over questions which are not the questions to fuss about. Take for instance his large painting of the crowded streets of Manhattan. Look at the crowd in the foreground. The crowd is felt purely as a crowd. You will never feel that in addition to its being a crowd it is also a number of individuals each with a life of his own, each with a personality back of him. Take a drawing of a crowd by Steinlen. You get the impression of the crowd and then, long after, you begin to realize that the crowd is really made up of many individuals, not types, but living men and women. Steinlen feels that he must create the semblance of life and he knows that it is only when the individuality is strongly marked that we feel that a character lives. Bellows is satisfied with typical personages because his preoccupation is with arrangement, with questions of color, of composition. These questions trouble him so that he cannot get down to the question of all questions, the question of life. If Bellows had been born with a strong natural instinct for color and arrangement he would have been, I believe, our greatest painter. Alas he has had to seek formulas to prop himself up.

AT the Brown-Robertson Galleries, W. J. Hays was the attraction during November and now pictures for children have the field. I was fortunate in being able to get over before the Hays exhibition closed. It was an admirable show. The sporting prints of the Old English masters are things which I have enjoyed from childhood. I dislike the thought of killing and only attend hunts through the proxy of a sporting print. W. J. Hays has brought the sporting print to America. His water colors and prints rival the work of the English masters and have the advantage of picturing the hunt as we know it here.

THE big exhibitions of etching are frequently confusing. That is why the little show at the Mussmann Gallery is so attractive. That explains too why a little etching like E. J. Soper's "The First Recitation" takes hold of you as it would not in a huge room with one hundred and seventy other etchings on the same wall and other interminable walls covered with etchings just out of sight but not out of mind. Mussmann has a mighty good little show but I shall not tell you more about it for I would



THE CYPRESS ARCH

Montross Gallery

ERNEST HASKELL

prefer that you should have a surprise or two when you go to see them and if I were to tell you everything there was in the place you would know just what to expect and not one single surprise would you have.

ERNEST HASKELL has had a show of water colors at the Montross Gallery. I was so fortunate as to have an advance view about a month ago. Haskell had for some time felt tugging at his elbow the modern movement. At first he paid little attention, but as the modern movement became more insistent and demanded recognition, Haskell began to wonder just what the tugging was all about. He decided to find out, and finally embarked on a purple sea in a curious boat guided by the modern movement, who sat at the helm. Like the prudent person he is, Haskell took papers and crayons and water colors with him. Leonardo's treatise on painting he thrust into his pocket before leaving, for no voyage of discovery could be made without Leonardo's chart to show the way. But the new movement seemed to know pretty well where he was taking Haskell, and the treatise lay forgotten in the pocket. Our traveler has returned, and at the Montross Gallery

could be seen water colors which Haskell is supposed to have made in Maine and California. In reality they were made during the voyage on the purple sea when the new movement was at the helm.

A few timorous souls will wonder if such realms are quite safe yet. If they do not dare to venture on such a voyage themselves, I would suggest to them that a water color by Ernest Haskell might be a fairly satisfactory substitute.

AUGUSTE LEPÈRE apparently cared little for worldly success for among all his plates I cannot think of one which could by any stretch of the imagination be called a pot-boiler. That is why his work will be sure to live. The present show at Knoedler's is the most important ever held (unless this same collection was shown in Paris before being brought to this country). M. Lotz-Brissonneau, Lepère's close friend, catalogued his work. In making the catalogue the entire output of prints passed through his hands. He therefore had an unequalled chance of picking out for his collection the finest and rarest prints. He made good use of his opportunity. That is why the present show is probably the finest exhibition of Lepère's prints that will

ever be held. Auguste Lepère is one of the greatest print-makers of all time. The occasion is unique and should not be missed.

AS happens with every issue we have had to cut out no end of interesting reproductions and text at the last moment. The beautiful Egyptian bas-relief which we have used on the cover should have appeared also in the text.

But where?

We owe our thanks to Joseph Brummer for permission to reproduce the relief.

THREE or four years ago a group of us were returning from the opening reception at the exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Artists. At Borough Hall everyone left the car but Miss Powell, art critic of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and myself. "It's just what an art exhibition would have been in my home town twenty years ago, that is the spirit of it, for our show would have been far less capable. Except that the Brooklyn painters have had more training there would really be no difference." Here is another little story of the present Brooklyn show. A painter wandered into the exhibition and, when some one suggested that he join the Society, he said: "Do not ask me; it is really too radical."

In the intervening years has there been any change in the character of the show? I notice none. It merely illustrates two different points of view. Possibly there has been a slight change. Two or three new artists have come in bringing with them a little of the ferment which is working everywhere in the world of art. There is Couard, for example, a man with a fine color sense. He uses fairly pure color and paints decorative landscapes which show traces of the influence of Jacques Villon. There is also Miss Julia Kelly who made a sensation a few years back at the Independent show. Her landscapes have something of the charm of the work of Henri Rousseau. Robert Laurent has brought a touch of radicalism into the exhibition although why his art is considered radical I must confess I do not know. But I hear rumors that he is a director of a new society which stands for the very latest thing in the art line. Lastly there is Stefan Hirsch, whose art is based on the old, old masters and who therefore should be considered as reactionary.

Two apple-trees on a farm are not sufficient evidence to justify the issuing of a search-warrant under the Volstead Act. Four radicals do not give a radical tone to a society, especially when only one of the four (Couard) is a radical. However, things are per-

haps a little worse than I have made out for one of the old members (Hopfmiller) has been flirting with radicalism and has exposed at the Society's exhibition a caricature of that defender of everything conservative, the editor of THE ARTS. The spirit of reverence for gray hairs has quite vanished from this world of ours.

Howard Notman is one of the interesting painters exhibiting. He has a strange technique well suited to his conception of painting. It is very personal and would be noticed at any show. Debonnet is doing good work, strong paintings of flowers and fruit, well conceived and well painted. Both these men are still experimenting which means that they are still seeking better methods of expression. Other experimenters are Samuel Rothbort and Harry Hering who are both trying to get into their work more of the elemental. They are simplifying in a broad way. In the work of Edmond Weill simplification is often carried too far and his paintings then seem a bit empty. The evolution of Rothbort is extremely natural. That of William Boylan is a little forced. He shows at Daniel's and it is difficult for him not to think of what would look well on the walls of the Daniel Gallery. Detwiller goes to the other extreme. He does not seem to feel the necessity of giving to each color sufficient intensity for it to withstand having strongly colored paintings around it. The grays are too neutral, too cold. In such matters W. A. Patty has a surer instinct. In his "Winter Afternoon" he has much charm of tone yet the little snow scene is not injured by the proximity of Boylan's "Manhattan Bridge." Miss Pelton's "Alaska Girl" is solidly felt but many will regret that she is no longer painting the delicate fantasies by which she is better known. "Summer Morning" is one of her earlier works and it looks very well in the Brooklyn show. Miss Isabel Whitney has been down to the great Southwest and she has brought back a number of interesting canvases such as the "Prayer for Rain" which is at the exhibition. The Lyme group of painters is represented by Benjamin Eggleston. His "Old Lyme Roadway" is the work of a thorough craftsman. It is delicate in tone yet holds its own well among paintings which are stronger in color. Wiegand is of a later tradition. He is singularly uneven but, in his smaller canvases he strikes, at times, a personal note which hits home. Certain painters are all but omnipresent in our New York shows. Lewis P. Skidmore does not exhibit half so often as his friends would wish. His friends know far better than he does how often he should exhibit. Clara Stroud, P. Irving Ballou, Fred Cuming, Thomas Bodner, Alexander Ritchie,

Walter Farndon, Clara Fairfield Perry, Lambert, Miss Lovell and W. J. Quinlan are landscape painters who deserve more than this passing mention.

The figure work is less good as a whole. There is a good portrait by Nicolas Macsoud and the figure of an Arab. Spader has a portrait which lacks truth in its values and which is unpleasantly "tight" without having the beautiful drawing which makes the "tightness" of Ingres so admirable. Mrs. A. R. Harris sends an excellent still-life.

In sculpture Miss Isabel Kimball, Robert Laurent and Alexander Ritchie have things all their own way.

THE modern French show at Wanamaker's is something which no one interested in art should miss. It is a comprehensive exhibition of the work of younger French moderns. Since the famous "Armory Show" there has been nothing shown in America which should produce greater results in developing taste than the present exhibition at the Belmaison galleries. More than anything else, this show should prove that the French mind is essentially an orderly one. It should prove to those acquainted with art history that the French are following tradition quite as much in these latest works as they were in the days of Boucher and Fragonard.

If you doubt my statement, go down after you have seen the paintings in the Belmaison galleries and visit the exhibition gotten up by the Salon du Gout Francais on the first gallery of the same building. A thousand or more colored photographs on glass made by the well-known Lumiere process are shown against strong light. The illusion is almost perfect. These photographs are sent over to give an idea of the standard of industrial art maintained in France. If all else were lost these photographs could a thousand years from now show how artistic the French people had been. If we had such photographs of Greek life we would know far more of their culture in matters of art. If there is a fault in the exhibition of the Salon du Gout Francais it is that the French follow traditions too closely.

To return to the show in the Belmaison Gallery, I want you to look at the work of Marie Laurencin. How close it is to Fragonard in spirit! It is modern, but it is also traditional. It joins on to the great traditions of the 18th century. Take Helen Perdriat. She is but the reincarnation of the old French spirit, with just a touch of modernism which does not hide the traditions of France. Her "Beauty and the Beast" is a very sensitive bit of painting, admirably drawn in all its detail. Few

of my San Francisco readers I fear will be able to see the show, but those living nearer ought not to miss it.

WHEN the ordinary business man begins to get well after a few days' illness he begins to think of several little chores about the house he could attend to during his convalescence. The artist's imagination goes to entirely different labors. He starts to clean up old palettes and brushes—a thousand little jobs about the studio. That is what I would have done a year or so ago, but my thoughts now go to nailing down a few lies which one hears repeated by the supporters of the anonymous criticism of the French Show at the Metropolitan Museum.

In that circular it was said that interest in the work of the ultra-modernists had completely fallen off in Europe. Let us characterize that assertion with the one and only word which describes it. That statement is a lie.

I was abroad last year. I sought in Germany and in Paris for examples of Matisse, of Derain, of Picasso, of Utrillo, at prices which I felt I could afford to pay. I found very little. From one end of Paris to the other one felt how strong the interest in ultra-modernism was. In the olden days there were a few ultra-modern art shops in the Rue Lafitte quarter—notably Vollard's—but I was not prepared for the astounding growth of interest. The Rue de la Boetie, the Rue de Chateaudun, the Rue Lafitte, the Rue de Seine—on all sides new shops had sprung up, or the older, conservative shops had opened their doors wide to ultra-modern art. Everywhere I went there was shown the same interest, a constant stream of visitors, the same desire to know the prices, and from time to time a purchase. In Germany the interest in ultra-modern art was even more universal.

The author of "the anonymous circular" attacks modern art as being degenerate. He does not seem to feel it degenerate to lie.

THE telephone rang and a writer asked me about preparing an article on Mary Rogers. I answered that I felt that the reproductions and preparation of the article would be more than I could afford. The Dudensing Galleries who were handling her work had withdrawn advertisement from THE ARTS. And further my own feeling was that as an article on her art had already appeared in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, our own review would be a somewhat belated appreciation.

When I spoke of the matter to Mr. Frank Du-

densing and told him that I could not afford the article under the circumstances he was angry and accused THE ARTS of commercialism.

Let us consider the policy of THE ARTS towards its advertisers. If it accepted their money and did nothing for them my feeling would be that the THE ARTS was not strictly honest. It would be living upon charity. I am not willing that it should live upon charity. What can it do for its advertisers to pay them for what they have spent? It could praise the works of art they have for sale without regard to their artistic value. That is done by other

art publications. Our advertisers know that they will never get such recompense from THE ARTS. They know that not a word will be written about any work of art which I do not believe to be true. Yet they deserve some recompense. The only recompense I can honestly give them is to choose the bulk of my reproductions from the works shown in their galleries. As almost all of the most important art dealers advertise in THE ARTS the amount of interesting works of art which I should like to reproduce is far beyond the space usually available in the magazine.

AMONG OUR BOOKS

HOW TO LOOK AT PICTURES, by Robert C. Witt. Illustrated, New York, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1921.

IT is difficult to criticise a book which is intended not for you nor for me but for the great mass of the people who have not taken to art from the days of their early youth. "How to look at Pictures" has been written for those whose acquaintance with paintings is slight. That it is a successful attempt to explain art to the masses is proven by the fact that the present revised edition is the tenth since it was first published in 1903. Mr. Witt is a sound leader and the people would seem to appreciate sanity.

J. C.

SHALLOW SOIL, by Knut Hamsun (first published in Norwegian 1894) translated by Carl Christian Hyllested. New York. A. A. Knopf, 1921.

DREAMERS, by Knut Hamsun (first published in Norwegian 1904) translated by W. W. Worster. New York. A. A. Knopf 1921.

IN the reviews which I have seen of Knut Hamsun's novels the writers have insisted on the shifting of Hamsun's point of view from his earliest work "Hunger" (1890) to his latest "The Growth of the Soil." Worster in the introduction to "Dreamers" says that "'Growth of the Soil' is far indeed from Hamsun's earliest beginning: far even from the books of his early middle period, which made his name."

In "Shallow Soil" I find the same impersonal touch, which is so marked in "Growth of the Soil," the touch of which we feel in the painting of Piero

della Francesca, in the later work of Winslow Homer. Forgive me if I quote from an essay I wrote on Impersonality several years ago.

While we are talking of greatness, it would perhaps be well to speak of a quality which I think you will find to be in all the greatest works of art, music and literature, Impersonality. After all that I have said about the value of personality and individual expression you may think I am contradicting myself. By no means, for impersonality is in no way the antithesis of personality, but its fulfillment. As a great man gets bigger and broader he drops a lot of his prejudices and meannesses, and his heart, like that of St. Francis, goes out in sympathy to all manner of men, to the birds of the air, and even to inanimate nature, until he gets to feel in harmony with the universe. Gradually he has passed beyond the personal into the impersonal. Whatever the hand of such a man finds to do will bear the stamp of his breadth of vision. It will remain personal because it will be true to his inmost self. It will, however, also be impersonal, because the man has so broadened in character that in his work he no longer expresses the emotions of one man, but those of mankind.

You will find this quality in the work of the Egyptians, in the Assyrian sculptures, in Chinese art and literature of the classical period, and in the finest Greek art. Impersonality underlies Greek literature—Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Herodotus, Plato, Plutarch. In the Greek tragedy there is a constant undercurrent of feeling. It does not merely bubble up at tragic moments, but it is ever there. The Greek dramatist sees his hero die without apparent emotion. He knew from the beginning

that his hero must die. Dickens, on the other hand, blubbers like a baby over the death of little Paul Dombey. It would seem that there is some kink in the Anglo-Saxon intellect which has always prevented it from attaining an impersonal vision except through great effort.

It is naturally difficult to tell you exactly what I mean when I speak of so abstract a quality as Impersonality, and I fear you already have the impression that it is always something cold and distant. For it is true that much of our most uninteresting art is impersonal through its absolute lack of character. The painter had not sufficient vital force to put life into any portion of his work. It is all evenly dull. But there is other work, equally impersonal, in which the painter has put life into everything, in which he has let his love go out to every element of his painting. It is not owing to any lack of character that such work is impersonal, but because of the breadth and intensity of the artist's sympathy.

To make my meaning clearer let us take a concrete example. At the Memorial Exhibition of the work of Winslow Homer, held in the Metropolitan Museum, was a painting in which hounds are pursuing an almost exhausted deer swimming across a lake. A young man in a boat has approached so close that he is about to give the deer a death-blow. There is no lack on Homer's part of sympathy with the deer, yet that does not prevent him from showing his full appreciation of the joy of the dogs and the hunter about to seize their prey. It is given to few men to have such breadth of vision and the painting is, indeed, a masterpiece of impersonal art.

It was given to the Dutchmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to express the joy of the hunter, to Landseer to express the sympathy with the hunted, to Winslow Homer it was first given to realize the full significance of the whole.

Such impersonality is very marked in "Growth of the Soil." To me it is almost as apparent in "Shallow Soil" published almost thirty years ago. Here is a writer who suffers with the suffering of the various characters of his books. Their sorrows touch him to the quick and yet he ever preserves that aloofness without which a story so easily degenerates into the sentimental.

To me "Shallow Soil" is intensely moral. Were Hamsun not the strong personality he is he could easily have degenerated into a moralist, a preacher. "Shallow Soil" is moral because it is so sane, so

healthy in its outlook. There is a tragedy in the story which we regret just as we would a similar tragedy in life. I feel that Knut Hamsun regrets the necessity of the tragedy as much as we do, but he is unwilling to warp the trend of life to escape the necessity. He is a conscientious artist.

"Dreamers," written ten years later, in no sense marks an evolution from "Shallow Soil" towards "Growth of the Soil." It is not so profound as either the earlier book or Hamsun's great prose epic. In it there crops out the author's sense of humor, a fantastic, weird thing. Hamsun seems to have taken delight in providing his public with a tale they would enjoy. Few there will be who will not find in "Dreamers" the needed foil to Hamsun's more ponderous work. It supplies the lighter touch without which Hamsun would have lacked the one thing needed to make him the well-rounded impersonal creator that he is.

H. E. F.

THE LIVING ARTS NO. 1, NOVEMBER, 1921. Paris, Lucien Vogel. New York, Condé Nast, Price \$3.00.

ONE number of THE LIVING ARTS costs exactly the price of a year's subscription to THE ARTS. I am not sure that it is not worth it. It is a French publication with part of the text in French, part in English. It is the delightful combination of old and new, of intense earnestness and lightest frivolity, of grace and austerity which could only be produced in France.

The discreet use of color in the reproductions plays an important part in giving to THE LIVING ARTS its unique flavor.

H. E. F.

BLOOD OF THINGS, by Alfred Kreyborg. New York, Nicholas L. Brown, 1921.

TO me it is musical, rhythmic. Will Kreyborg's verse be musical, rhythmic to you? To me it goes down to the realities of life, to the "blood of things." Will Kreyborg's verse go down to the realities of life, to the "blood of things" to you?

Listen:

"Love is an old dog
Who is faithful
to his master heritage.
Even when Life,
that old house cat,
scratches him,
he returns to the hearth—
his tail down,
but his tail wagging.

On rare occasion,
she lets him sleep near her—
in the coal bin."

"The rain comes,
the worm comes,
the foot comes—
and thus it goes,
and thus it goes—
The sun comes,
the rose comes,
the hand comes—
and thus it goes,
and thus it goes—

Tell me, is such verse, Kreymborg's verse, musical, rhythmic to you? Does such verse, Kreymborg's verse, go down to the "blood of things"?

J. T.

EARLY AMERICAN PORTRAIT PAINTERS IN MINIATURE, by Theodore Bolton. Illustrated. New York, Frederic Fairchild Sherman, 1921. \$7.50.

IT would be difficult to overestimate the debt which American art owes to Frederic Fairchild Sherman. Only when books are written on an artist does the artist begin to take his place among the great men of the world is the opinion of the mass of mankind. There have been many books written on Michael Angelo. Therefore it is clear that he is a great painter. To Mr. Sherman many an artist owes his place in the popular "Hall of Fame," Albert Ryder, Inness, Homer Martin and others, for did not Mr. Sherman publish the first books written about these men? And now he has consecrated a volume to "Early American Portrait Painters in Miniature," and straightway a new group of men have justice done them. The poor painters have long been dead and buried, but it is not Mr. Sherman's fault that they did not receive their dues seventy-five years ago.

Mr. Bolton's monograph is an excellent one. It catalogues the more important miniatures and gives the lives of the better known miniaturists. Among the best of these artists are Edward Malbone, Charles Fraser, Benjamin Trott and Robert Field. Robert Fulton, the designer of the Clermont, was one of the most successful of the miniaturists of the first half of the Nineteenth Century. Most of the miniatures catalogued are still owned by the descendants of the families for which they were painted. Others have gone into the hands of dealers or collectors, of the Ehrich Galleries, of Herbert L. Pratt. Many are now owned by

museums, by the Worcester Art Museum, by the Metropolitan or the New York Historical Society.

It is well that at last these artists have gained fame. It would have been better if they had had fame during the last years of their lives. Let us not forget that there are poor devils to-day deserving the same recognition. Let it not be said by succeeding generations that we neglected them. Honor should come to a man in his lifetime.

H. E. F.

SHELLEY AND CALDERON AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Salvador de Madariaga. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co., 1921.

AMONG the peoples of the earth there is a growing intention to understand each other better. Quarrels between nations, as between individuals, are seen to spring from lack of sympathetic understanding and from a wrong conception of self-interest. The socialist parties of various nations have long tried to bring about a world-wide solidarity of labor but their methods, aimed at breeding hate between classes, have failed to stimulate love between races.

Less direct of intention but more fruitful in result has been the cultural intercourse of nations carried on by poets and painters, the philosophers and scientists of the world. Dutch and Flemish painters went to Italy for inspiration as did later English poets. Until now it may be said that this cultural intercourse has been due to natural affinity and that there has been no ultimate purpose directing it. But in this age, when critical discrimination has reached its highest point, the artists and scientists of all countries have come to realize that upon them rests the burden of cultivating good-will among the nations of the earth. Indirect propaganda like this, based upon love, will succeed, since its aim is not that of self-interest.

Thus it is that such a book as "Shelley and Calderon" is an important contribution to the cultivation of international good-will. The author, Salvador de Madariaga, has to a high degree the power of spiritual discrimination. He has also an intimate and ripened knowledge of the whole range of English and Spanish literature and he writes in simple, beautiful and rhythmic English. Humor, both direct and subtle, is not lacking; and a poetic imagination gathers a rich harvest from fields both new and old.

The four essays of the book "connect English with Spanish poetry and character in four different ways." From the title essay we learn the greatness

of the debt owed by Shelley to the Spanish dramatist, Calderon, whose plays were the strongest influence felt by the English poet during the last three, most productive, years of his life. Shelley's spiritual kinship with Calderon shines forth in his words, "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry Autos." At opposite poles in the matter of belief, "Shelley was as dogmatic in his revolutionary creed as Calderon in his religious dogma." They were alike in their lack of humor, in their choice of the wild and fantastic in scenery, and in the philosophical turn of mind which led to their use of personifications of abstract ideas. "Both Shelley and Calderon were giants of imagination; so was Shakespeare. But while in Shakespeare imagination seems to disperse, and gather in its light all the many-coloured qualities and shades of nature, in Shelley and Calderon it tends to soar away from the earth and to keep immaculate a dazzling whiteness of intellectual light." Shelley had much in common with the spirit of El Greco, says de Madariaga, and had he lived in Spain, "in the austere grandeur of the Castilian table land, in its immense horizon, its vast solitude, its calm, which seems to stretch beyond the bounds of space and time, Shelley would have found an atmosphere more in harmony with his metaphysical soul. Though the more graceful and pagan side of his nature might have suffered, he would have gained in depth and strength, and his genius, less solicited by the lighter and more fanciful muses, might have conceived the 'Paradise Lost' of the nineteenth century—the poem of the spirit who strove for Truth and found it not."

In "English Sidelights on Spanish Literature," a study is made of "some of the greatest creators in Spanish literature, seen in contrast with their nearest English equivalents." The names paired are: Mio Cid and Beowulf, Juan Ruiz and Chaucer, Garcilaso de la Vega and Sir Philip Sidney, Lope de Vega and Shakespeare, Calderon and Milton. The English temper is seen to be more complex, more thoughtful, more given to the cultivation of solitude, whereas the Spaniard is more dramatic and is more richly endowed with a keen sense of reality which is in itself creative, "so true it is that a thing well seen is a work of art." "This realistic element is the vivifying element in Spanish dramatic genius, a literary faculty which Spain possesses to a degree equalled only—not by England—but by the solitary genius of Shakespeare. It also explains the ethical detachment of the Spanish artist which is at bottom a manifestation of his undivided love of reality.

In the name of this love no man-made law or prejudice is allowed to check the free flow of life animated by beauty. Beauty is grace of earthly inspiration, that is, the spiritual radiance with which reality appears to the æsthetic mind. But there is a kind of realist, eager more even than the artist, to whom reality appears clothed in radiance of divine grace: this higher realist is the mystic." For Spain's greatest mystic, St. Teresa, there is no English counterpart. "With her we are as high as the genius of Spain will ever carry us. It is a height beyond art and poetry, in that reality which, like light itself, we cannot see."

In his judgments on English writers the author has by his foreign birth the advantages of freedom from traditional prejudice. A certain loss of detachment may be felt in the essay on "Spanish Popular Poetry." What seems like an occasional over-estimation, however, may be due to subtleties of meaning to be felt only by the Spaniard. Realism and mysticism are present in the popular songs no less than in the more formal Spanish literature. "The senses look outward and see reality in the world. The heart looks inward and sees reality in the soul." This is the spirit of William Blake, "whose poetry, more than any other, resembles in spirit and form the poetry of the Spanish people." "Blake's world is the same as that of the Spanish coplas, midway between the human soul and nature." "It is a philosophy wise in its acceptance of things as they are, penetrating in its interpretation of the facts of nature and their intimate connections; which turns to nature in search of the eternal answers to the eternal questions and clasps with a brooch of poetry the cycle that goes from man to things and from things to man."

"The following lines might be thought to be by Blake:

Rose, if I did not take thee
'Twas because I did not choose.
I slept under the rose-tree.
I had for my bed a rose.

They are the literal translation of a Spanish popular song."

Of the last essay of the book, which "aims at showing the Spanish mind at work on a subject so typically English as the poetry of Wordsworth," it is hard to give any true notion without extensive quotation. Its deep searching into artistic principles gives it importance to every artist, to every student of art and of life, to every teacher. There is in its

conclusions that inevitability which tempts one to call it the "final word" on the subject, although such a pronouncement would be exactly opposed to the spirit of the author. Foreshadowings of his conclusions occur in the pages of English critical writers, especially in Lord Morey's sound and just estimate of Wordsworth, but these criticisms are not based primarily upon the essentials of art and are not free from the "moral preoccupation" which de Madariaga feels is the artistic bane of the British race. Evidently the critic has in common with the poet of Spain "the ethical detachment of the Spanish artist which is at bottom a manifestation of his undivided love of reality." Wordsworth is considered in his relation to Beauty, Truth, and Virtue. On the first and second counts he is convicted of failure. "No poet ever wrote under so close a watch of his conscious self. His intellect never loosened its grip over his creative soul." "For a great poet in the real and complete sense of the word is not merely a writer endowed with the vision and the faculty divine, but a creator capable of growing from this soil of intuition flowers of art, creations living a life of their own and therefore reflecting in their variety the divine variety of nature."

As to the element of truth, in which Wordsworth has usually been considered faultless, it is at first shocking and then convincing to read that Wordsworth did not hesitate to alter the essential nature of his subject-matter to suit his purpose. "Whenever he feels that truth is going to disturb his life of pleasant thought he unconsciously alters the course of his poem." "As studies of truth his poems are no more satisfactory than as impressions of beauty. And for the same reason, that their centre of gravity is beyond them, outside of beauty and outside of truth. For Wordsworth as a truth-seeker is hindered, not merely by the disproportion between his intellectual vigour and the magnitude and scope of his subject, not merely by his self-protective instinct against certain distasteful truths, but also by his moral preoccupation. The truth-worshipper in him is no more single-hearted than the worshipper of beauty. Truth like beauty is in his hands a mere instrument for the achievement of a moral purpose. Hence, being both of an absolute essence, they evade his grasp."

It is in the department of Virtue that Wordsworth excels. Calling him not "Poet" but "Master," de Madariaga gives him a reverence and an admiration which are the best proof of his own breadth of sympathy. "As a master, however, Wordsworth is one of the most imposing writers

of nature known to the world of letters. A constant, faithful, persevering worshipper, he made of earth, sea and sky, a glorious shrine, and of every plant, animal and stone, a hallowed creature. This faith he expanded and taught in a work which for earnestness, elevation and that greatness which results from mere mass, has few parallels." Wordsworth is thus seen as "the prototype of the British race and civilisation. In him, as in the average Briton, the moral comes first, and the poetical and the scientific take what remains. And starting from this main feature, a portrait could be drawn which, by delineating Wordsworth's character, would almost exactly fit any other gentleman of his nation. For this tendency towards Virtue—that is towards good in action, understood as covering all the range of the human spirit, from its highest to its lowest, from the heroic to the narrowly utilitarian—is the key to the understanding of British character." "Chaucer does not resemble the Anglo-Norman Knight, Shakespeare the Elizabethan courtier, Milton the Puritan, as closely as Wordsworth the British Gentleman whom he incarnates, and even precedes and contributes to evolve."

"Like all living beings, the British Gentleman must die. He will die to survive in a still more complex type which is being evolved under our eyes. Who does not see the far-reaching changes brought about in British manhood by the economic evolution of the twentieth century, by the closer relationship between Great Britain and the Anglo-Saxon nations overseas, by the growing intimacy with France which set in after the Fashoda incident had closed the period of political misunderstandings, and last but not least by the European War? When the new type of Englishman asserts itself and its tastes, it is safe to predict that of all the great names of English literature those will suffer most which will have most intimately and adequately represented the type that passed, and of them, Wordsworth is perhaps the first. His glory belongs to Great Britain and to the nineteenth century."

"It is not the smaller for that. Duration and expansion are after all but gross conceptions, linked with man's two mental infirmities, space and time. Depth and power are great if only for one second, if only in one spot of space. Wordsworth's greatness is precisely in that which limits his appeal: in the fact that he represents his country and his age in a manner worthy of his country and of his age. That he is neither universal nor permanent detracts nothing from his symbolical value. Indeed, it adds perhaps to it. Are not Wordsworthians secretly pleased and flattered in their insularity when they think of Wordsworth as surrounded by seas of incomprehension?"

G. B.



FISHING BOAT ON BEACH, COAST OF ZEELAND J. H. WEISSENBRUCH
American Art Association



L'ABREVOIR

American Art Association

JEAN CHARLES CAZIN

THE AUCTION ROOM

By THE EDITOR

PRICES this season have been very erratic. There have been sales where the prices were very low. The prices at other sales where two or three rich collectors have bid against each other, have exceeded the hopes of the sellers. The market has been an active one.

The collection of Alexander R. Peacock of Pittsburgh is to be sold by the American Art Association on the evening of January tenth. It is a large and varied collection, including many canvases of the more important Continental and American schools of the close of the last century with the exception of the Impressionist. Corot, Daubigny, Mauve, Inness, Wyant, Israels are among the names included

in the sale. Through the courtesy of the Association we are enabled to reproduce three landscapes from the collection: "L'Abrevoir" by Jean-Charles Cazin, "A Bit of Amsterdam" by Jacobus Maris, and "Coast of Zeeland" by J. H. Weissenbruch.

At the American Art Association they were unable to give us the auction calendar when we went to press. This notice of the Peacock sale is all that we are able to give. The Anderson Galleries calendar is complete for some time ahead.

December 19 and 20, afternoons; Private Libraries of the late Hon. John P. Hale, late Teunis V. Holbrow and others.



JACOBUS MARIS

American Art Association

A BIT OF AMSTERDAM

January 5, 6 and 7, afternoons; Furniture, Objects of Art.

January 9 and 15, afternoons; The Art Collection of Mr. Vladimir G. Simkhovitch.

January 18, afternoon; Collection of Modern First Editions.

January 18, evening; Books on Cookery, the col-

lection of Mrs. Blanche H. DePuy, with additions from other collections.

January 19 and 20, evenings; The James N. Rosenberg Collection of Etchings.

January 20, afternoon; The Library of the late Albert J. Morgan of Larchmont, New York.

THE FORUM

Chicago, December 5, 1921.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

From friends in New York who see the Independent Exhibits and from people I am meeting here who have seen one or more of them, there is one invariable complaint, namely: that the hanging is so inharmonious as to be confusing.

Nearly all these people are painters and they agree that if they were contributors to these shows they should prefer to risk some unfairness in hanging—in exchange for some harmony of the whole.

Now there is a suggestion I wish to respectfully offer to the Board of Directors.

It is that the alphabetical order be maintained in succession of alcoves but that within the alcove the hanging committee be permitted to exercise its best æsthetic judgment in arrangement of individual paintings.

In hanging my own work I obtain a satisfactory effect by reversing the custom when two or more tiers are hung: of putting the large canvases on the line and "skying" the smaller ones. I sky the big paintings—they can stand it—and run two lines below of small ones, the bottom line on level of eyes of persons seated.

HELEN WEST HELLER.

[I regret to say but Miss Heller's suggestion as to each alcove's being made a unit to be hung as well as it can irrespective of exact alphabetic order has been in effect for two or three years. It unfortunately has not been entirely successful. Those who wish to exhibit this season at the Independent, and every artist should wish to do so, should send in their names and their ten dollars at once to A. S. Baylinson, 1947 Broadway, New York.—EDITOR.]

New York, December 6.

DEAR MR. FIELD:

I would reverse Thayer's saying and put it—

Twachtman was like a new flower growing up in an old country. But what I would say of Thayer, my only real master, is that: "he was one of the rarest flowers that ever flowered in *any* country." Not one of his canvases that I have seen ever had the "pot-boiler" stamp—always there was the flavor of nobility and loftiness.

In a sense a solitary soul, he was in another, peculiarly sensitive and approachable to any earnest comer who brought his work for criticism. And his conversation was almost more beautiful and fine than his art.

For one entire winter when I was beginning to paint he came every Sunday to my room to criticize my work, and when one day he said, "Ben, you belong," I was overcome. Once he said of a still-life I had done: "Your jar doesn't stop enough light." Once in a painter's mind this saying can never be forgotten.

The foregoing is a preface and a conclusion, sir, to saying I am most grateful to you for the very beautiful tribute you pay my master and friend.

Faithfully yours, BEN FOSTER.

MY DEAR SIR:

In Bible history there is an account of a man who was doing an important work of reconstruction. His enemies tried in every way to interview him, to induce him to discontinue if not to abandon the work that he had the vision to project in the face of great difficulties. To all these interrupters he *sent* one reply: "I am doing a great work. *I cannot come down!*"

I first saw a copy of THE ARTS in the Congressional Library, and as I am interested in some of "the arts" as a diversion from business, I at once saw that your magazine was what I needed. The succeeding numbers have been an increasing source of delight until with No. 1 of the new volume you have produced a type of magazine that to a

man of the craft (I was once a printer), is proportionally perfect.

Your frank criticism of yourself as well as others and your confidential talks are refreshing and remind me of similar experiences in my own business career.

Whatever type of art is idealized the spiritual element that enters into it marks the class to which it belongs barring technique.

You remember Brunelleschi's admonition to

Donatello: "You have put a man on the Cross instead of the Christ!" and the monk-painters of San Marco, especially Fra Bartolommeo, as models of sincerity and spirituality.

With these few reflections disposed of I will enclose check for the second year of THE ARTS, and wish you abundant success.

Cordially yours,

FRANK MOORE JEFFERY.

THE ART CALENDAR

BROOKLYN

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway.—Open week days, 9 to 5; Sunday, 2 to 6; pay days, Monday and Tuesday, 25 cents. Sixth annual exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, to Jan. 2.

PRATT INSTITUTE, Ryerson St.—Brooklyn Society of Artists, to Dec. 24.

MANHATTAN

(Exhibitions are listed in the order in which they would be seen by a visitor beginning at Washington Square and going north.)

WHITNEY STUDIO CLUB, 147 West 4th St.—Exhibition of paintings and drawings by members of the Club.

WANAMAKER (BELMAISON) GALLERIES, Wanamaker's—Mural decorations. Paintings by Boscher.

SALMAGUNDI CLUB, 47 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of Thumb-box pictures by members, to Dec. 24.

CIVIC CLUB, 14 W. 12th St.—Paintings and pastels by C. L. Edholm.

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB, 119 East 19th St.—Humorists Exhibition, to December 29.

WALDORF ASTORIA, Fifth Ave. and 34th St.—Sixth annual exhibition of Society of Independent Artists, March 11 to April 2, open to all artists, dues payable January 15, Sect. A. S. Baylinson, 1947 Broadway.

KEPPEL'S, 4 East 39th St.—Etchings by Ernest D. Roth.

ARLINGTON GALLERIES, 275 Madison Ave.—General exhibition of American paintings.

MACBETH GALLERY, 450 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Chas. Warren Eaton; Oils, pastels and water colors by George Alfred William, to January 2.

Paintings by E. W. Deming; California land-

scapes by F. Ballard Williams; New England Streets by Felecie Waldo Howell, to January 23.

PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. and 42d St.—Permanent collection of paintings. Exhibition of Meryon etchings and loan exhibition of drawings and early states of etchings.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FAKIRS, 11 East 44th St.—Small paintings and drawings by the members of the Society, to December 31.

DUDENSING GALLERIES, 45 West 44th St.—Exhibition of works by Bernard Boutet de Monvel and his friends, through December.

MONTROSS GALLERY, 556 Fifth Ave.—Paintings and drawings by George Bellows, through December.

KNOEDLER'S, 556 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of etchings by Lepère.

JOHN LEVY GALLERIES, 559 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by George H. Bogart and Louis Paul Dessar, through December.

ARDEN STUDIOS, 559 Fifth Ave.—Annual Christmas Exhibition.

ACKERMANN GALLERIES, 10 East 46th St.—Coaching prints, through December.

DANIEL GALLERY, 2 West 47th St.—Group of modern paintings.

BROWN ROBERTSON Co., 415 Madison Ave.—Holiday exhibition of children's pictures, through December.

MUSEUM OF FRENCH ART, 599 Fifth Ave.—Permanent exhibition of prints, casts, textiles and paintings.

HENRY REINHARDT SON, 606 Fifth Ave.—General exhibition.

FERARGIL GALLERIES, 607 Fifth Ave.—Paintings by Alexander Bower and William Paxton, to December 21.

BABCOCK GALLERIES, 19 East 49th St.—Paintings by Russell Cheney, to December 24. Paintings by Carl J. Nordell, to January 14.

JUNIOR ART PATRONS, 22 West 49th St.—Exhibition of nude studies. Exhibition of drawings, etchings and lithographs, to January 15.

KENNEDY GALLERY, 613 Fifth Ave.—Old English color prints, through December.

AINSLIE GALLERY, 615 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of American paintings.

HOWARD YOUNG GALLERIES, 620 Fifth Ave.—American and European paintings.

REHN GALLERY, 6 West 50th St.—Exhibition of American paintings.

WILDENSTEIN & Co., 647 Fifth Ave.—French drawings of the Eighteenth Century.

SCOTT AND FOWLES GALLERIES, removed to 667 Fifth Ave.—Eighteenth Century English paintings. Barbizon paintings. Bronzes by Paul Manship. Water colors by John Sargent.

KINGORE GALLERIES, 668 Fifth Ave.—Flower paintings by Frank Galsworthy, to December 31.

BOURGEOIS GALLERY, 668 Fifth Ave.—General exhibition.

DUDLEY JAMES GALLERY, 617 Lexington Ave.—Oriental figure paintings.

FEARON GALLERIES, 25 West 54th St.—Portraits by J. Young-Hunter.

YAMANAKA & Co., 680 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of Buddhistic art.

KRAUSHAAR GALLERIES, 680 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of paintings and bronzes by modern American and European artists.

EHRICH GALLERIES, 707 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition of Portraits in three crayons by Frederick T. Weber. Jewelry and decorative metals by Marie Zimmerman, to December 29.

ARTHUR TOOTH & SONS, 709 Fifth Ave.—Eighteenth Century English portraits, through December.

HARLOW GALLERIES, 712 Fifth Ave.—Lithographs and etchings by Whistler. Etchings by J. C. Vondrous and paintings by Albert O. Smith, through December.

ART CENTER, INC., 65 East 56th St.—Water colors by Gertrude Hadenfeldt, to December 21. Paintings by Armstrong Sperry, to December 25.

DURAND-RUEL GALLERY, 12 East 57th St.—Paintings by Maufra, to December 24.

BRUMMER GALLERY, 43 East 57th St.—Exhibition of antique art. Paintings by Frank Burty, to December 24.

FOLSOM GALLERIES, 104 West 57th St.—Group exhibition.

MILCH GALLERIES, 103 West 57th St.—Paintings, water colors and drawings by Abbott H. Thayer, through December. California landscapes and figures, by Douglas Parshall, January 7 to 21.

MUSSMANN GALLERY, 144 West 57th St.—Exhibition of work by some contemporary artists.

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GALLERIE INTIME, 749 Fifth Ave.—Exhibition by twelve American artists, to January 5.

WEYHE GALLERY, 710 Lexington Ave.—New work by Arthur B. Davies.

ANDERSON GALLERIES, 489 Park Ave.—Modern French painting in the Salon Francais, to December 24. (See Auction Calendar.)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park West.—Important collection of paintings by the old masters and water colors of military costumes by Lt. C. M. Lefferts. (Open to the public, except during the month of August.)

CAMERA CLUB, 121 West 68th St.—Exhibition of work by Nickolas Muray.

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METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Central Park at East 82d St.—Open daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.; Saturdays, until 6 p. m. Sundays, 1 p. m. to 6 p. m. Admission, Monday and Friday, 25 cents; free other days. Loan exhibition of Oriental rugs, exhibition of prints by Legros, Lepere and Zorn, to January 1. Exhibition of Japanese paintings, to December 26.

AMERICAN NUMISMATIC SOCIETY, Broadway and 156th St.—Permanent exhibition of modern and ancient medals.

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OUT OF TOWN

MONTCLAIR ART MUSEUM, 1 So. Mountain Ave., Montclair, N. J.—Exhibition of architecture and allied arts, to January 2.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Philadelphia, Pa.—Annual exhibition of water colors and miniatures.

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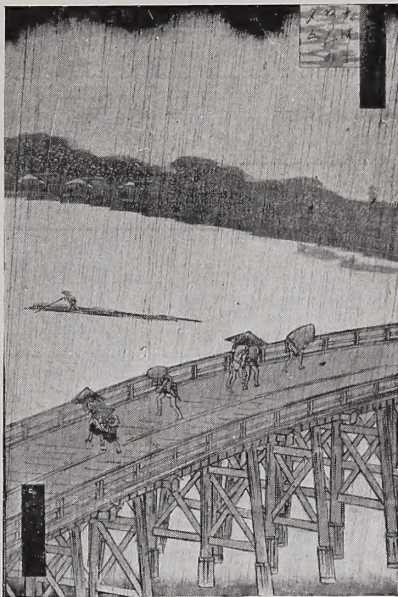
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